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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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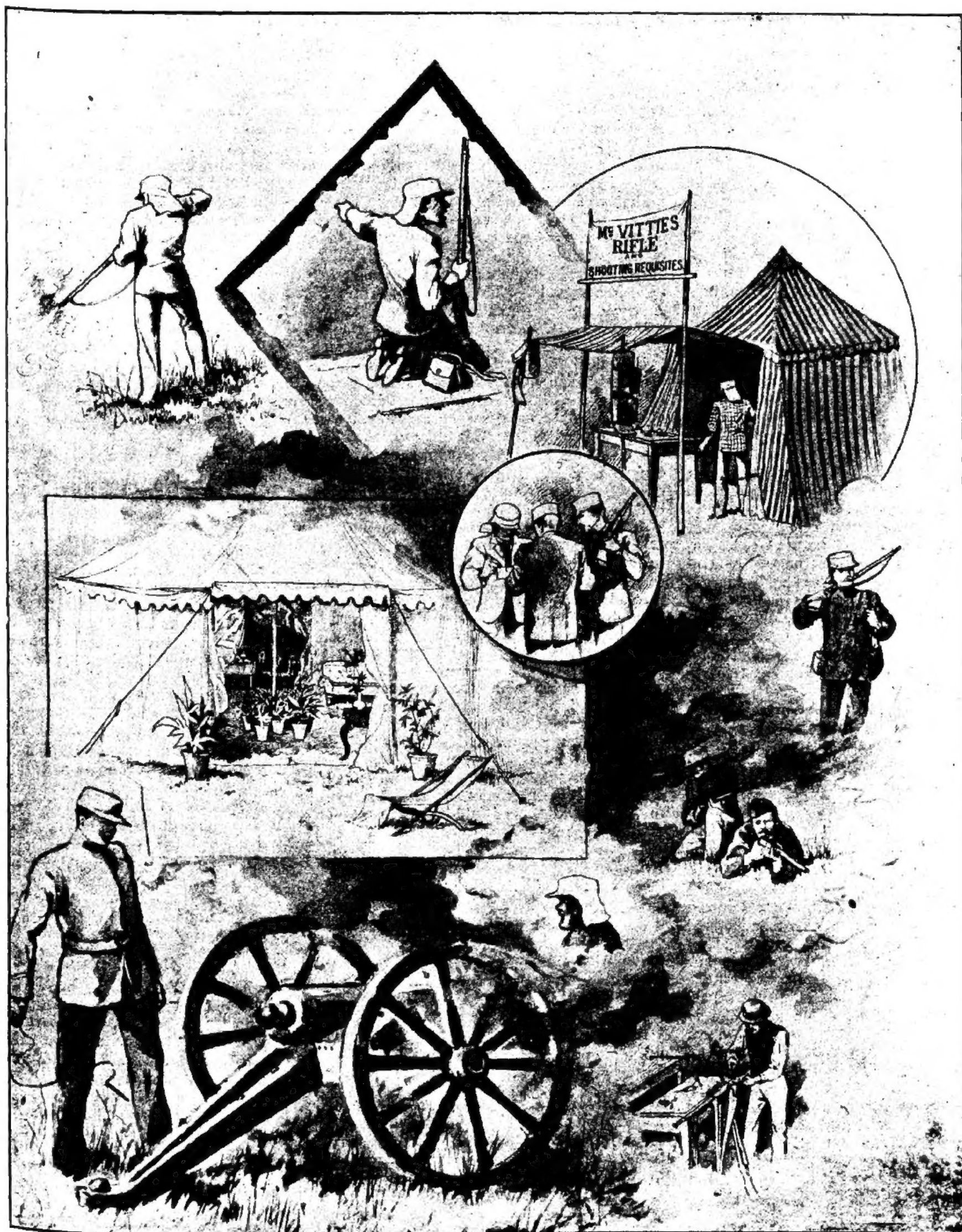
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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 13th SEPTEMBER, 1890.

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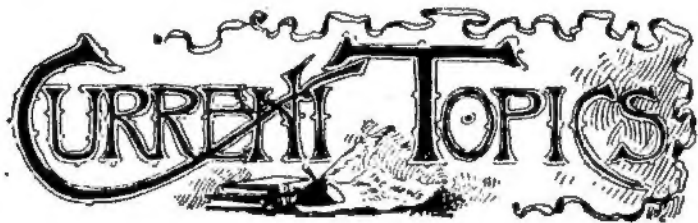
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Of the indications of his character that have come to light since Cardinal Newman's death there is none more significant than the letter which represents him as saying Mass for the repose of Charles Kingsley's soul. Of all his controversial antagonists the rector of Eversley was the most unsparing of what he was disposed to regard as wilful recreancy on the part of the great Tractarian. He went so far as to charge him with dishonesty on the ground that it was morally impossible for him to believe what he professed to believe. Thus challenged, Dr. Newman took from his armoury weapons more keen than the author of "Yeast" had ever encountered and wielded them with an adroitness which shivered his adversary's clumsier blade into pieces that wounded the assailant. Out of this dispute grew the famous *Apologia*. It is not without interest to us Canadians that both these distinguished men have special claims on our remembrance. Dr. Newman was in his early life the tutor of a young student of Exeter College, who was destined to become the first Metropolitan Bishop of the Anglican Church in Canada; and Dr. Fulford made his old teacher's spiritual autobiography the theme of one of his most remarkable addresses. Charles Kingsley, before his visit to Canada, wrote a letter to the *Gazette* of this city, in which occur these memorable passages: "Loyalty and patriotism are qualities on which I shall not compliment you. They seem to be native to Canadians; and it would be an impertinence on my part to praise you for possessing that which you would be ashamed to want. \* \* \* But I must compliment you on the sound sense with which you are treating the question of the Reciprocity Treaty. \* \* \* Let us also compliment you on the noble attitude which Canada is assuming at this moment, an attitude which you have (as far as I have read) always recommended; and it may be materially assisted by your gallant but moderate exhortations. England will be, now and henceforth, proud of her child, and all the more proud because in Canada seems to be solved at last that 'Irish problem' which has so sadly troubled us at home. As long as the system of politics and society carried out in Canada can convert such men as Mr. McGee (whom I mention with much respect) and can rally in support of the Throne and the Constitution thousands, not only of Protestant English and Scotch, but of Catholic French and Irish, Canada will be in a position which many a kingdom may well envy; and one which will surely, if she continues as she has begun, make her a mighty and a happy State."

M. Pierre Foncin, writing in the *Revue Bleue*, with the French-Canadian press for his text, has some pretty sharp things to say of his kindred on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Of course, he begins by paying tribute to "Curé Labelle, the great Canadian patriot of our time, the promoter

of all sorts of national enterprises." The mottoes with which some of our contemporaries announce their principles or avow their aspirations M. Foncin considers somewhat ostentatious—indeed, he uses a stronger term. He cites those of the *Canadien*, the *Courier du Canada*, of *La Justice*, of the *Journal des Trois Rivières*, and some other papers of this province, and then seeks some examples across the border. The latter seem a little puzzled occasionally as to the adjustment of their allegiance to Canada on the one hand and to the Republic on the other. A Plattsburgh paper, for instance, has two mottoes and a twofold emblem. "*E. Pluribus unum*" does homage evidently to the United States, while French Canada is commemorated by the words: "*Parare Domino plebem perfectam*" (to make ready for the Lord a people prepared for him). St. John and his customary Eagle, flanked by a beaver and a maple branch, symbolize the two communities whose interests the Plattsburgh *National* has undertaken to defend. There is a little confusion in this device, for St. John Baptist, not the Evangelist, is the patron saint of Canada. But the beaver and maple clear up any possible doubt as to the meaning of the emblem. M. Foncin has questioned his collection of newspapers very rigorously on the subject of their loyalty. He finds enough to assure him that the Canadians who have not crossed the border are well contented with British rule. The declaration of *l'Union Libérale* is unmistakably clear on that point: "We, French-Canadian Liberals, aspire to make of Canada a great country under the ægis of British institutions, which we love and admire." The expressions of opinion as to annexation are equally plain. Not only do the French papers of this province oppose such a policy, but many of the organs of the Canadian colonies in the United States are ranged on the same side. M. Foncin finds the language of our French papers somewhat marred by archaisms and anglicisms, but he is struck by their profoundly moral tone. The French-Canadian press fully appreciates its rôle as the educator of the people, yet in its morality, which is free from all tinge of hypocrisy, there is a wholesome freshness, a *naïveté*, that precludes neither good humour nor a certain spice of archness. But its most salient characteristics are love of country and devotion to the traditional faith.

In connection with the forestry conference, which has just been held at Quebec, it may be of interest to recall that as long ago as the summer of 1874, the British Commissioners of Woods and Forests instituted a comprehensive inquiry into the timber resources of all the colonies. A circular, containing a list of questions to be answered, was addressed to the proper authorities in every British colony from the largest self-governing dominion, like Canada, and the British possessions in Australasia, to small insular dependencies, like Bermuda and Labuan. The questions covered a broad range—the varieties of timber (botanical and local names), the ownership of the forest land, its extent, the increase or diminution of the timber, and in the latter case the probable cause, the quantity that could be cut without injury, the quantity actually cut, the proportion consumed at home and the proportion exported, the annual exports during the ten years preceding, and, if they showed a decrease, to what it might be ascribed, the character of the observations (if any) that had been made as to the influence of forests on climate, rainfall, floods, and other phenomena. It required four years to collect, arrange and publish the mass of varied information which formed the answers to these inquiries, and the data and the conclusions based upon them were most instructive. The investigation was first prompted by a discussion at the Institution of Surveyors which took place in March, 1874, on two papers relating to English timber. In the course of it the Hon. J. K. Howard, Commissioner of Woods, directed attention to the condition of the forests in foreign countries—especially France, a commission of whose National Assembly had recently issued a report on

the subject; and it was deemed that a series of like reports as to the forest wealth of the British possessions abroad—covering the ground already indicated—would be of value in checking the waste of all kinds, to which forest lands had been liable. Lord Carnarvon (then Colonial Secretary) took the matter earnestly up and the result was the inquiry. In the prefatory observations to the general report, the case of the Dominion is signalized as serving to illustrate the importance of the subject to which attention had been drawn. At that time (1878) Quebec was the only province that had taken any steps to check wanton waste and to prevent fires. In none of the provinces had measures been adopted to secure the replanting of cleared areas, notwithstanding enormous and growing consumption. More than 87½ per cent of Ontario's annual cut of timber was exported, and it was considered strange that nothing had been done to prevent the exhaustion of a commodity of such paramount commercial importance. In Nova Scotia the yearly cut exceeded by 25 per cent what it ought to be to preclude permanent injury to the forests, while in Prince Edward Island "the amount annually cut exceeds nearly 17 times the quantity which would represent a prudent rate of consumption." Of all the provinces British Columbia alone offered a supply of any considerable magnitude for the future wants of the trade, and though it was represented as inexhaustible by the local authorities, it was considered probable that if the whole strain of the demand were thrown on that province, in a few years a perceptible inroad would be made on the stock of timber in the accessible parts of British Columbia.

In the other parts of the Empire, the report was equally emphatic as to the need of prompt retrenchment. In some of the small colonies the timber areas had been absolutely denuded. In the larger colonies, like Australia and South Africa, though the country still yielded abundance of timber, it was practically out of reach of the communities where it was needed for consumption, that of the intermediate areas having been all cut down. Already, both in Victoria and South Africa, the disappearance of the available supply had begun to be severely felt. In Australia something had been done towards conservation and renewal, and it had been fairly demonstrated that by means of nurseries of young trees and the organization and operation of an energetic forestry department, much might be done in the work of restoration. The supineness of apparently strong governments contemplating with indifference the gradual extermination of such a source not merely of wealth, but of health, was sharply animadverted on. In some cases what was virtually a meteorological revolution had been caused by the disappearance of the trees. Streams regarded as perennial had run dry and the periodicity of the rainfall had been seriously disturbed. On the whole, it was impossible to resist the conclusion that whatever gains might follow the throwing of a little more forest land into cultivation were largely forfeited by the lowered fertility and deranged climatic equilibrium of the whole district. The subject was regarded as one of Imperial concern, calling for immediate and well considered action on the part of the British Government. Whether and to what extent the advice of the report was adopted we are not aware. We know that after its publication a vigorous impulse, which is still felt, was given in England to the study of forestry; that valuable treatises were written on forest economy, and that even periodicals were started to keep the public attention awake to its importance. But the practical results have, we fear (even while admitting that something has been accomplished), fallen lamentably short of what the situation seemed to demand. We hope that, as far as Canada is concerned, good fruit will be derived from the Quebec conference.

A year ago on the 1st of August a novel experiment in the adjustment of railway fares went into operation in the Kingdom of Hungary, and as



opportunity has thus been afforded of testing its applicability to other countries. It consists in the adoption of what is known as the zone-tariff system—the rates by which are fixed, not according to the number of miles travelled, but according to the number of zones traversed by the passenger. The capital, Buda-Pesth, being regarded as the centre, the whole Hungarian series of railroads is divided into fourteen zones. The first of these stretches of distance comprises all the stations within 25 kilometers (the kilometer being about five-eighths of a mile) of the centre; the second, those between 25 and 40; the third, between 40 and 55—each zone after the first up to the twelfth being 15 kilometers from its predecessor. The twelfth and thirteenth zones have each an extension of 25 kilometers, and the fourteenth includes all stations that are upwards of 225 kilometers (141 miles) from the capital. For the first two zones the tickets are classed as local but from the third onwards the zone nomenclature is used—tickets being sold by zones and being good for all points within the zone to which they apply. For the three classes of fares the rates are 20, 16 and 10 cents a zone. Up to the twelfth zone, the fare is ascertained by multiplying any of these rates by the zone number. For stations in the thirteenth zone, the fare is fourteen times the normal rate per zone, and in the fourteenth (which comprises all stations of more than 140 miles distance from the capital) the fare is sixteen times the unit rate. The fares for all stations in this last zone are \$3.20, \$2.32 and \$1.60 for the first, second and third classes, respectively. The greatest distance that can be travelled for these sums is 731 kilometers (456 miles) more than the distance from Fredericton to Montreal, or from Montreal to Sudbury. The rate is lower than anything as yet known on this continent. Compared with the former Hungarian rates, the reduction is enormous, and, as the baggage rates have undergone a corresponding reduction, the object—the increase of the traffic—has been amply assured. The ticket regulations are most simple, railroad tickets being purchasable at the post offices, hotels tobacco stores and other places of public resort.

There are individuals who go through the world with the impression that the great mass of people only await the chance to cheat them. Persons of this suspicious temperament cling zealously to certain traditional notions as to the almost inevitable dishonesty of certain classes of professional and business men. As for politicians, the idea that they could be actuated by any honorable ambition to serve their fellowmen and to advance the welfare and prestige of their native land never seems to enter the heads of these doubters of their kind. It seems to us that one of the most marked characteristics of the present age is the growing faith of man in man. This faith is actually a necessity of the vast expansion of business of every kind in every direction, and though it is sometimes misplaced, the cases of betrayed trust are extremely few compared with the totality of business transactions. In an instructive article in the last *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Henry Clews, discussing "The Ethics of Wall Street," says that probably no great institution is so persistently misrepresented as that which is known by the singular name just mentioned. After some glances at the past, with a view to showing the unreasonableness of the popular prejudice, Mr. Clews makes this strong assertion in favour of the class that he defends: "There is no class of business men upon the face of the globe among whom honour and integrity count for more or are more highly honoured than among the men of Wall Street, and nowhere are they more highly rewarded than there. Rarely does a man who has received his training from early youth in the street ever go wrong. Day by day he hears the brokers and operators speak highly of the honest men of the street and with unmitigated scorn of those whom they believe to be the reverse. As a consequence he naturally strives to gain a like honorable reputation and generally succeeds. Now and then at rare intervals there arises a Ferdinand Ward, who is an ex-

ception. But such men would be swindlers and thieves had they been immured from youth to manhood within the walls of monasteries and inculcated with all the virtuous maxims of the saints." Mr. Clews's style is faulty, but his testimony is valuable as tending to remove that absurd and sweeping disbelief in their fellowmen, which some persons cherish as a sort of wisdom.

### MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

At some points the lowest barbarism and the highest civilization come into contact. There is no nation or tribe, however savage, that does not give expression to sentiment and emotion by something that passes for music. The art of music is cultivated by the most advanced communities of our day, as it was by Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek and Roman in the past. Whether accompanied by dance or symbolic gesture, whether with or without significant words, as magic rite or religious ceremony, as simple outburst of joy or sorrow, exultation, warning or defiance, some form of measured sound, vocal or instrumental, has been practised in all ages, among all races of mankind. Some branches of the human family have, it is true, been peculiarly distinguished by musical gifts, while others have been slow in musical development. Again, some nations excel in one style, others in its opposite, and each country has its own idiosyncrasy. What pleases and touches the German may not affect the Frenchman, while the taste of the latter may offend the Englishman. But, notwithstanding these sympathies and antipathies, it will be generally admitted that, in music as in other arts, there must be a standard of excellence, apart from local or traditional leanings, and that some communities come nearer to that standard than others. As to what that standard should be there is, of course, much diversity of opinion, but there is enough of agreement among the arbiters of musical taste to enable one to ascertain within what limits it may be found. It is, indeed, with music very much as it is with literature, which may be traced back, perhaps, to the same rude origin—the choral song of the tribe or clan. Everyone likes best the books of his own tongue, and loves to hear the ballads that exalt the heroism or bewail the misfortunes of his own people. But he need not allow that preference to blind him as to their place in literature. He must admit that the finished productions of the masters of style take precedence of what charms his ear and touches his heart. It is the same with painting. We may delight in a simple landscape by reason of its associations and suggestiveness. But we are not obliged, on that account, to consider it a masterpiece. In like manner, it would be sheer folly, because we are enraptured with some simple lay that touches chords of emotion far down in our hearts—too deep for tears, as the poet says—to make our favourite a criterion for the adjudication of merit. The same rule holds good when we come to survey the musical productions of different nations. Naturally, we are most attracted to that of our own country and kinsmen, which has, it may be, a subtle, penetrating influence which, if we hearken to emotion alone, we cannot cast off. For an Englishman, composing music, cannot, even by taking thought, divest himself of that clinging sympathy with English scenes and habits, and modes of thought, which is in his blood and works upon him unconsciously even while he thinks he is imitating some admired foreign master. English, however, may comprise elements that conflict—for, as we need hardly say, the British is a composite race. If we include the whole United Kingdom, we have some very divergent characteristics to take account of, and these characteristics enter very clearly into the music of the "three kingdoms." The Welsh, the Highland Scotch, the Lowland, the Irish, and all the varieties from Cornwall to Cumberland, make up a whole which is very far from being homogeneous. Ferguson, the architect, Matthew Arnold and Prof. Morley would, indeed, have us believe that whatever is really good in English art (music included)

is of Celtic origin. But with that sweeping judgment no person who bethinks him of what the Teutonic and Scandinavian races have done for art (including music) can ignore those elements in the making of artistic England.

Crossing the Atlantic, we have a Greater Britain, which, in spite of the political schism, may, as to its musical development, be considered as one grand community—a community modified, for better or worse, by many accessions from other nations. The German element in the national life and growth of the United States, and the French portion of the population of the Dominion are the main European additions to the British stock in North America. But (still looking to its musical evolution) there is another element, larger in distinct existence than either the Latin or Teutonic quota, and that is the African. That it has affected the growth of American music few will think of denying. As for us in Canada, being Americans and still British, we have shared in the influences that have guided the progress of music both in England and in the United States. In both countries much has been done to popularize music, and in recent years a beginning has been made in the way of making provision for the higher musical training.

It would be an interesting study for a qualified writer who had access to sources of information to inquire into the nature of the religious and social music that prevailed across the border during the colonial period. The solemn old hymn-tunes that the Puritans brought over the ocean with them have not yet entirely died out in some of the old-fashioned rural districts. Something had been done in the formation of church choirs before the Republic was born, but it was not till the 18th century was nearly expired that any marked improvement was attempted. The singing school was instituted even before the Revolution, but it was not till 1815 that the Boston Handel and Haydn society was created. From that time forward European singers and music teachers found it worth their while to seek the New World. Italian opera was introduced in 1825, the company being the elder Garcia's, the opera Rossini's "Il Barbiere," and one of the artistes the famous Malibran. From that date onward this continent has shared in the musical life of the Old World. Handel's "Messiah" had been produced as early as 1818. Nearly thirty years later the first great musical festival deemed worthy of the name took place in Boston. The third of a century that has since elapsed has witnessed a really marked growth in popular enthusiasm and a corresponding improvement in taste in the selecter circles of music-lovers. Canada's share in that progress we can only indicate in general terms. Canadians have taken leading parts in most of the great continental movements, one of our compatriots, for instance, having been president of the Music Teachers' National Association, and the most famous prima donna that America ever produced being of Canadian birth. There is not one of our cities that has not made scope for its aspirations after musical excellence by the formation of philharmonic societies, choirs, clubs, music teachers institutes and other organizations of kindred aim. In musical education the progress has been very real, provision for training of the higher class having largely increased. In church music the change effected during the last thirty years has been extraordinary—a good choir now being deemed only second in importance to an able pastor and preacher. The style of instrument has improved at a corresponding rate, little less than a revolution having been achieved in organ-building and piano manufacture. Two Canadian universities confer degrees in music. Concerts and festivals attract audiences at once large and cultivated, and there is an undoubted improvement in the taste of the educated classes. But the status that we have reached is but the starting-point for a higher development, and we hope (as this is one of the subjects to which we purpose devoting special attention in the future) to be able to record still further advances in an art proficiency in which is not the least trustworthy gauge of a nation's intellectual, moral and æsthetic progress.





THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

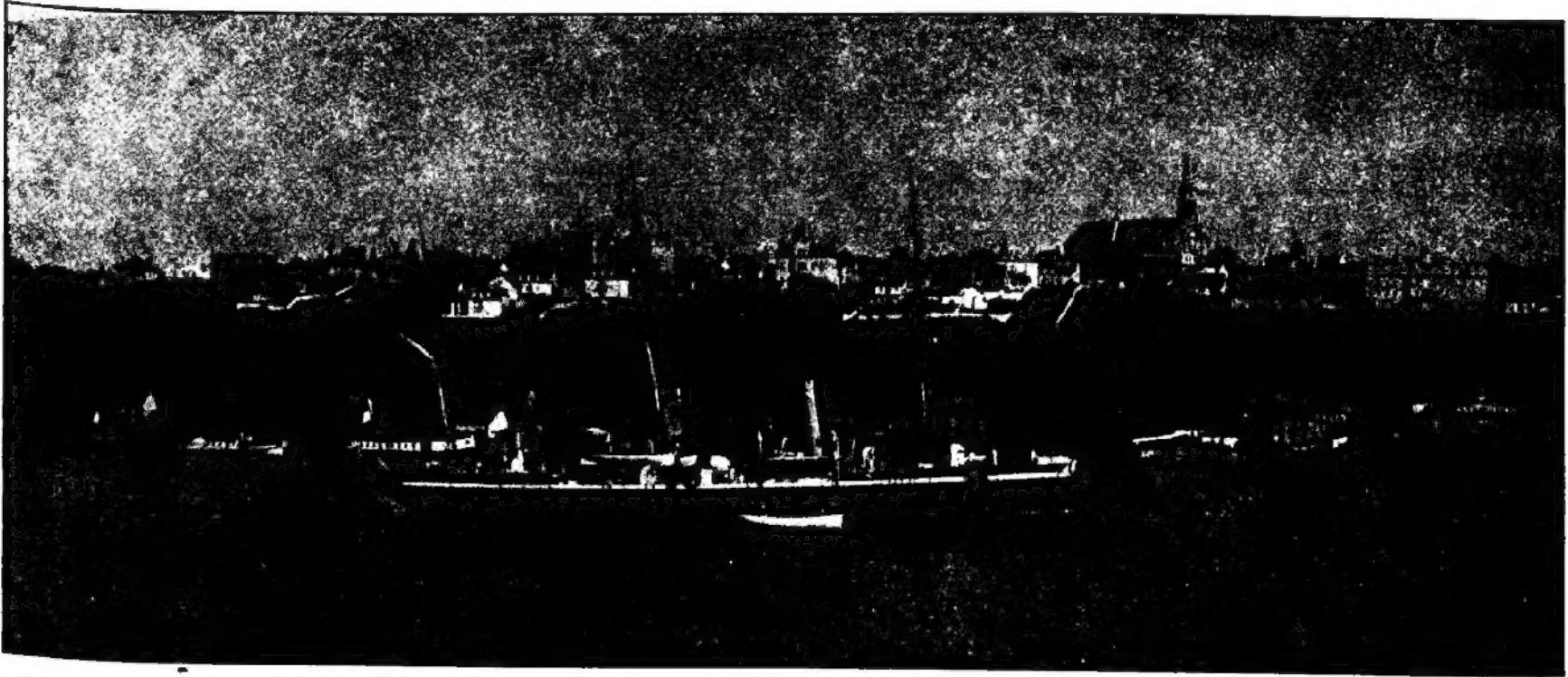


THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

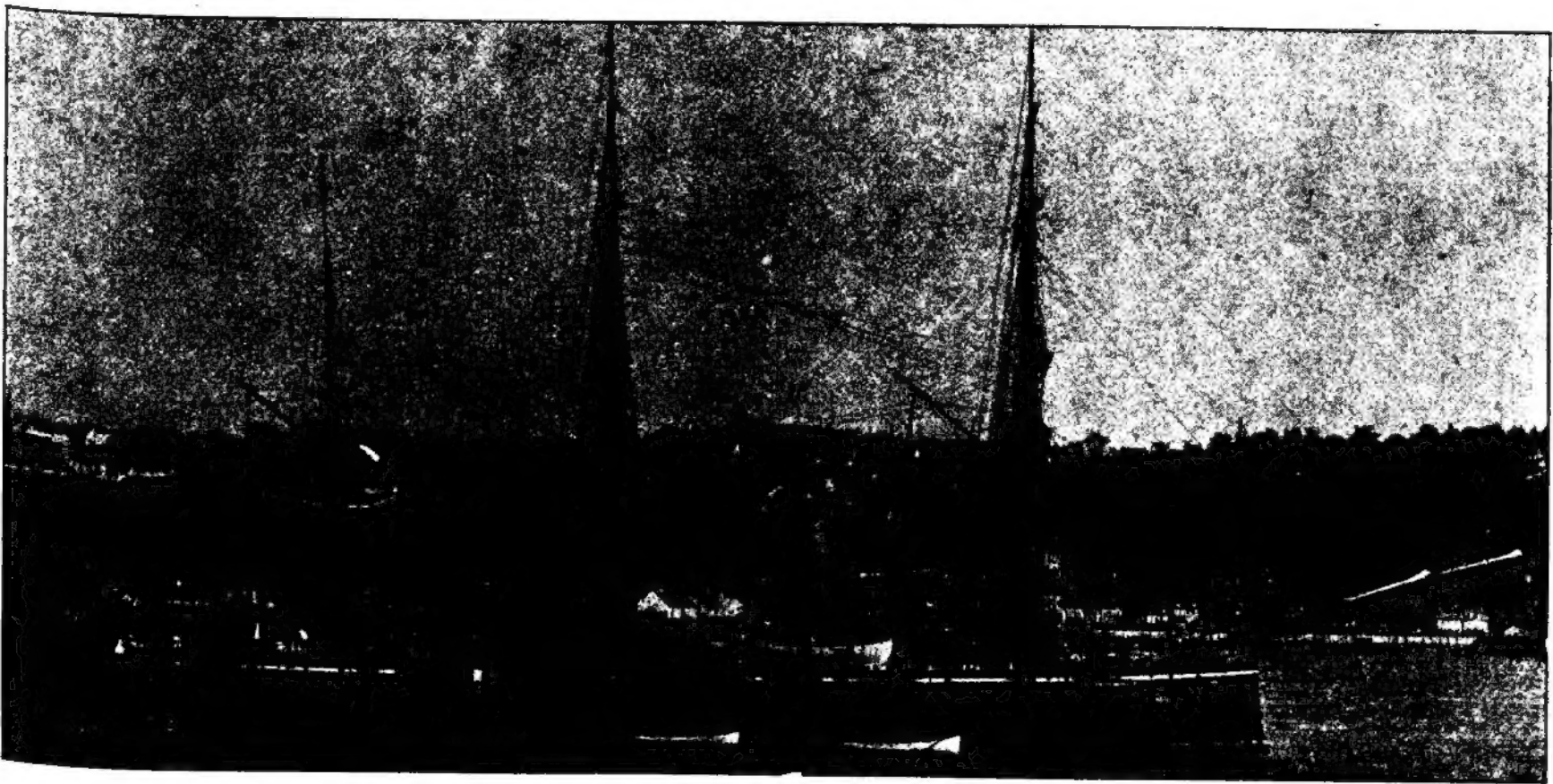


HIGHFIELD, CANADIAN RESIDENCE OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

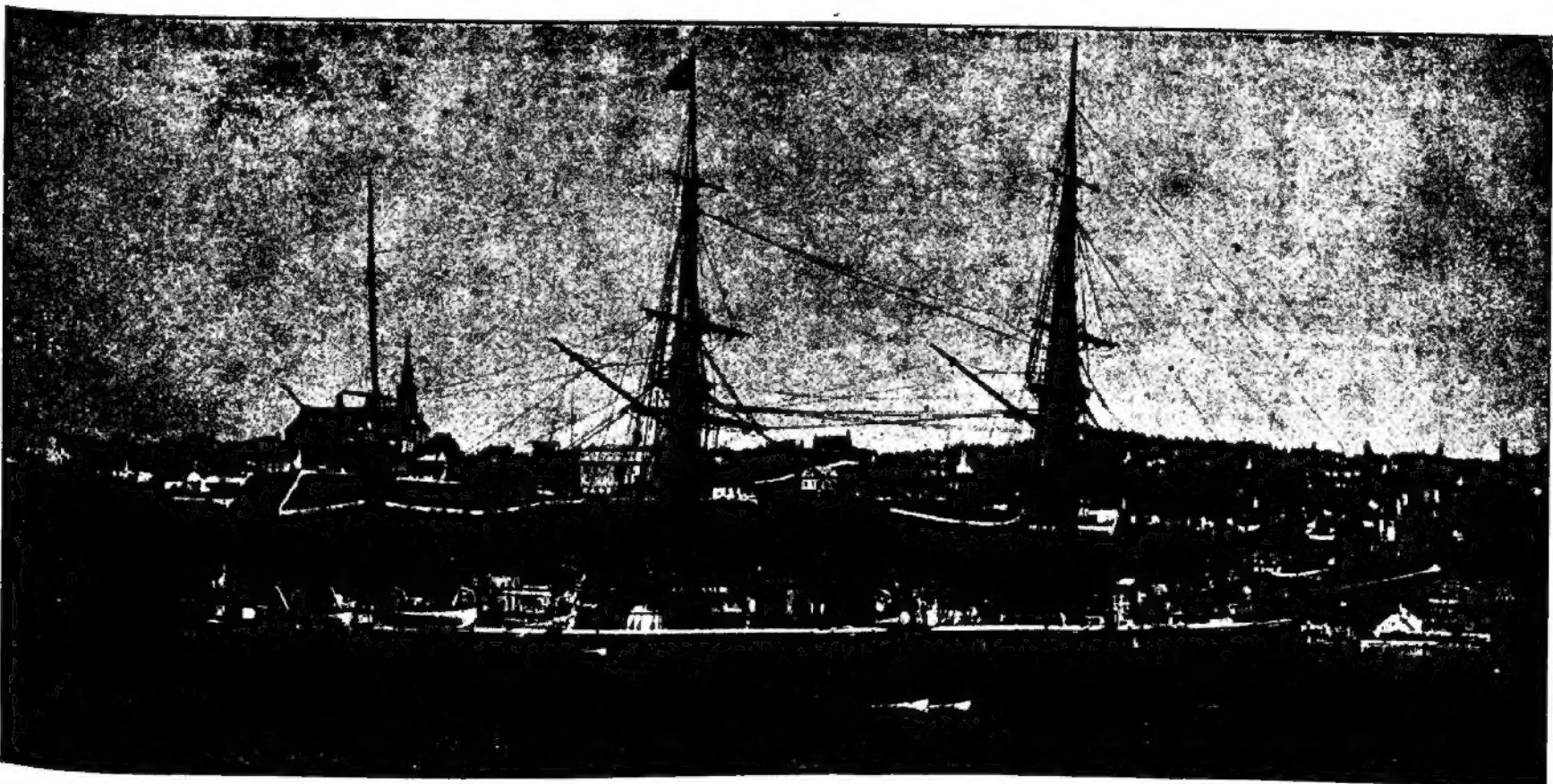




H. M. S. THRUSH.



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VISIT OF H. R. H. PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES TO QUÉBEC.





**THE LATE DR. WILSON, Q.C.**—William Wilson, M.D., Q. C., whose sudden death caused such wide-spread regret among us last year, was a Canadian by birth—born at Chambly Canton, in the Province of Quebec, on the 22nd of November. He was educated at a classical school in his native place, kept by Rev. Joseph Braithwaite, and at the age of fourteen, having passed successfully his matriculation examination, commenced the necessary studies to qualify him to enter the medical profession. At twenty-one he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine at McGill University, Montreal. But his tendencies did not lie in the direction of that profession and he shortly after commenced the study of law, and was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1865. Previously to that he had been employed as a translator to the House of Assembly and continued in the public service until his death. In 1871 he was appointed Assistant Law Clerk of the House of Commons, and, upon the retirement of Mr. Wicksteed, Q.C., he received the appointment of Law Clerk, in February, 1887, and soon after was created a Queen's Counsel. He filled the office of Law Clerk with marked ability. His extraordinary knowledge of both languages, and of the laws and statutes of Canada and of each of her provinces, eminently qualified him for the position and also made him an authority on such subjects throughout the country. In 1883 he was appointed one of the commissioners to revise and consolidate the Statutes of the Dominion. For a time Dr. Wilson held the position of surgeon in the volunteer force, from which he retired upon the disbanding of the Civil Service Regiment, retaining his rank. He was a member of the New Edinburgh municipal council, and chairman of the Board of Management of the Civil Service Mutual Benefit Society. He was an active member of the Church of England and was for many years a delegate to the Synod of Ontario and to the Provincial Synod, in whose discussions he took an active and prominent part. In 1862 Dr. Wilson married Frances, eldest daughter of the late Col. Charles MacDonnell, formerly of the Connaught Rangers, and great granddaughter of Sir William Johnson, whose connection with British affairs in North America is so well known. Mrs. Wilson survives her husband with one son and three daughters, the eldest of whom is married to Rev. Gus. Adolph Kuhring, Toronto. In business life Dr. Wilson was a man who will long be remembered for his devotion to duty. It was his pride to be found ever at his post and ready. In social life no more genial companion could be found. He was a man of extensive reading and possessed a remarkably well-trained and highly cultivated mind. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and was never happier than when surrounded by friends, talking over literary matters and the great questions of the day. His death is too recent to necessitate our going into details regarding it. For some time he had been troubled with an affection of the heart, and the year before his decease was obliged to go to Europe for the sake of his health. On the 16th of last November, while in New York, heart failure came upon him when alone on the street, and his death followed almost immediately. His remains were brought to his late home in Ottawa, where they were interred by his well loved fellow officers and friends, who will long regret the loss of their comrade, cut off in the prime of his manhood and in the fulness of his intellectual vigour.

**LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.**—The Right Hon. John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, seventh Earl of Aberdeen, Viscount Formartine, Baron Haddo, Methlick, Tarves and Kellie, in the peerage of Scotland, Viscount Gordon of Aberdeen in that of Great Britain, and Baronet of Nova Scotia is a grandson of the famous George, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, some time Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Prime Minister in 1852. But his deeds, not his titles and descent, form his claim to distinction. The Earl is an excellent organizer of schemes of benevolence, a practical philanthropist of the first order. In all his good works, his amiable and lovely wife is his gracious, tactful and able assistant. The Countess is the youngest daughter of Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, first Lord Tweedmouth. She is a lady of character and good sense, and is much esteemed in all classes of society. But by the tenants on her husband's estates, who know her goodness of heart, she is beloved beyond the lot of most women, whether gentle or simple. The Haddo House Association, of which she is president, was conceived and organized by herself. It had its beginning in a small class for the training of young women for domestic duties, but has gradually, through the Countess's assiduous attention, swelled into a great society. The annual meeting of the association was held last month and the report presented by the Countess showed the wide-spread nature and usefulness of the association's work. Her ladyship reported that sixty-nine branches were in operation, with thirty new branches in course of formation. The membership was 7,506, an increase of 473. Prizes to the number of 1,716 were distributed among 1,018 associates. Scripture subjects, history, geography, domestic economy, needlework and knitting enter in the competitions for the prizes. The Earl, who is in his 43rd year, was educated at Cheam School, and afterwards studied at the College Hall, St. Andrews. In 1867 he entered University College, Oxford, and there took the M.A. course.

He was at Oxford when the news of his elder brothers' death came, making him Earl of Aberdeen, but his Lordship remained at college until he had secured his degree. Lord Aberdeen is an ardent Liberal and a strong supporter of the Hon. W. E. Gladstone and Home Rule. He was appointed to the distinguished office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland towards the close of Mr. Gladstone's last administration, and only held it for a few months; but during that short period the Earl thoroughly ingratiated himself in the hearts of the Irish people, and he became the most popular Lord Lieutenant of the age. His natural gifts and accomplishments well fitted him for the fulfilment of the grave duties of the post with becoming dignity and munificence. What is still better, he left Ireland with the blessings of the people.

**THE LATE JUDGE O'REILLY.**—One of Hamilton's oldest and most venerable citizens, in the person of Judge O'Reilly, passed away from this life in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was born in Stamford, near Niagara Falls, on May, 18 1806. He received the greater portion of his education at the Niagara Grammar School. After passing his examination at Osgoode Hall in 1842, he entered upon the study of the law in the office of the late John Breakenridge, in the old town of Niagara. He was called to the Bar in Trinity Term, 1850, and removed to Hamilton, where, through his sound knowledge of law and his natural brilliancy, he soon secured an extensive practice.

**H. M. S. BELLEROPHON, CANADA AND THRUSH.**—These men-of-war, which are associated with the present visit of Prince George of Wales to Canada, are of diverse dimensions and style. The first, with the historic name, is of the broadside class of armoured ships, with armour six inches in thickness and carrying ten 13-ton and four 4½-ton guns. Her horse-power is 6,520, her tonnage 7,550, and her registered speed 14.2 knots an hour. She is the flag-ship of the North Atlantic squadron. The officers are:—Vice-Admiral, George Willes Watson; Captain, Charles C. Drury; Commander, G. A. Callaghan; 1st Lieutenant, Hon. Walter G. Stopford; Chaplain, Rev. Alwyne C. H. Rice; Fleet Surgeon, George Bolster; Fleet Paymaster, H. A. Scrivener; Staff Engineer, Chas. G. Stewart. The Canada's horse-power is 2,430; her tonnage 2,380, and she carries ten guns. Her officers are:—Captain, Herbert W. Dowding; Lieutenants, Harry C. Reynold, Edmund W. Yorke, Bertram C. P. Wolferstan, Armytage A. Lucas, Hon. Victor A. Stanley; Lieutenant of Marines, James R. Goddard; Chief Surgeon, Thomas M. Sibbald; Chief Paymaster, Charles Farwell; Chief Engineer, Joseph Monk; Midshipmen, Cecil E. Rooke, Ernest F. Gregory, Arthur G. Smith, Dorston F. Greentree, Charles W. J. Crawford, Harry F. Cayley, Francis L. Talman, and Bertram S. Smith. The Thrush is very much smaller than the Canada. Prince George is Lieut. Commander; Lieut. George P. Thorp, Executive Officer; Lieut. Lionel F. W. Sanders, Navigating Officer; Dr. W. E. Home, Medical Officer. The Thrush's horse-power is 1,200; she is a screw gun boat, recently built.

**KINCARDINE VIEWS.**—In these engravings our readers have a glimpse of some characteristic scenery of the settled region that borders on Lake Huron. In addition to the attractions of its landscapes, the neighbourhood of Kincardine is noted for varied natural resources. The town is one of the most thriving in the province, having mills, foundries, salt works, besides churches, good schools, newspaper offices, banks, and fine hotels, and is admirably supplied with means of communication with the rest of Canada.

**VICTORIA RIFLES OF CANADA, CARSLAKE TROPHY.**—This is another of those handsome trophies which for some years past have been adding lustre to our military annals and doing honour to the generous public spirit of our citizens. A description of it will be found elsewhere in this issue.

**BOWLING TOURNAMENT.**—For particulars as to this interesting event our readers are referred to "Sports and Pastimes."

**DOMINION OF CANADA RIFLE MATCHES.**—These illustrations will, we trust, be appreciated by our military readers. Fuller reference to them will be found under the heading of "Military Notes."

**HIGHFIELD, HAMILTON, RESIDENCE OF LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.**—As our readers are aware, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, who are at present visiting the Dominion, have chosen Hamilton for their home during their sojourn in this country. In this engraving we present a view of Highfield House, at which they have taken up their residence.

**PRIVATE SECRETARIES OF CABINET MINISTERS.**—This group comprises some of the most noteworthy members of the Civil Service. Several of these gentlemen are not unknown in the literary world.

**BRIDGE OVER THE CHAUDIERE.**—To many of our readers this scene will have the charms of "old acquaintance." By repute it is familiar to them all. Canada is a land of lakes and rivers, and the bridge-maker's art is frequently called upon to overcome barriers to inter-communication. Where the engineer can accommodate the travelling public without robbing the scenes of his labours of their picturesqueness, we owe him a twofold debt of gratitude.

## The Self-Reliant Woman.

Most women can remember some one, strong, capable, calm, far-seeing, who exercised an almost unbounded influence over them when young, who taught them their first lessons in practical life, and whom they loved with that strange and solemn devotion of girlhood for its first maternal friend, and that some one was the self-reliant woman. Had she not been self-reliant she would not have been influential.

The self-reliant woman is generally the executive woman as well, and can do whatever she undertakes. She is always ready, and should an accident, for instance, occur, does not lose her head as so many others would—does not take to hysterics, or faintings, or nerveless pity; but is once keen-sighted and prompt, seeing what has to be done, and doing it without hesitation or excitement. As a nurse she is a very treasure; ever quick and decided, understanding the minutest shade of the duties before her, and able to perform them as clearly as she comprehends. Indeed, no woman who has not self-reliance can be even a tolerable nurse, whatever her amount of special knowledge; for she will be always in doubt as to whether her ears or her eyes were to be obeyed, and if the dead letter of instruction is to be set aside or adhered to, whatever the new reading of the disease. Nurses destitute of self-reliance are as completely wanting to their profession as those distracting creatures who never think the doctor worth obeying at all, but take the management of the case upon themselves, and kill or cure by the rule of thumb alone. Neither can a woman be a rational mother, or a steady housekeeper, who is not self-reliant; for she will always be blown about by every wind of doctrine, and ready to accept as gospel truth each scrap of outside experience which may fall in her way. The really self-reliant woman is never good for quacks. There is something in her nature so utterly antagonistic to the whole tribe of shams, that she rarely takes to them on any occasion; though her self-reliance might be an additional reason why she should stand by them steadily enough, if once adopted. For which reason she is the most desirable convert possible; and worth half a score of impulsive enthusiasts, ready to sign their names to black-to-day and to head a testimonial to white-to-morrow. When the self-reliant woman does adopt a new method, she adopts it thoroughly, with no misgivings as to her own infallibility. Self-reliance makes the best tiara of all.

The self-reliant woman is often a social reformer; nay, she it is who has inaugurated all the new phases of woman's life, and opened up the latest paths. She it is who has taken out M.D. diplomas, nursed wounded soldiers, given lectures, studied from the life in art schools, walked the hospitals with the students, pleaded her own cause in law courts—but never to a favourable issue, however cleverly done, the coalition being as yet too strong; and who—all honour and praise to her for that same!—has taken up the question of criminals and sinners, seeking to soften the one and purify the other, without thought of herself or what the world would say. Yes, nobly enough in this instance did she touch pitch and was not defiled; but her own purification was in her self-reliance, and the intensity of her conviction that, being right in her own eyes, she was also absolutely right in spirit and in truth, made her mission accepted and her endeavours availing.

The self-reliant woman is a great traveller. She has voyaged all the world over, alone and unarmed, trusting to her scarlet "pants" to frighten the wolves of the northern woods, and, confiding in her courage and sex, has found the chivalry of even savages and Bedouins equal to the occasion; she has braved the grizzly bears and the wild Indians of the North American forests, and kept a bold heart and a cool head whatever the danger to be confronted; she has gone to the gambling-houses of San Francisco, and staked her dollars between the muzzles of revolvers and across the gleaming blades of bowie-knives; she has sung to half-maddened diggers, flush with gold and warm with passionate blood; she has seen the exiles of Siberia, and heard the lash of the knout; has ridden through Damascus unveiled, and run the risk of being stoned for her daring; has penetrated into Moslem harems, and, disguised as a boy, has even ventured into the sacred courts of mosque and monastery, and trod where woman's step had never fallen before; she has been everywhere and has seen everything, from the Peak of Teneriffe to the heights of Chimborazo, from the pyramids of Egypt to the pagodas of Nankin. At home she travels in another way,—out of the beaten paths which Mrs. Grundy has set and sown, into wild, uncultivated places, where never a female gardener has been before her. At any time she may be seen doing all the small unconventionalities which got her quizzed and laughed at by the Grundytes, some of which unconventionalities fructify into a rich usage for the whole sisterhood, while others we would not wish to see blossom out into even the tiniest spathes. It was she who first slammed back the doors of Hansom cabs and climbed up on to coach tops; who tried to make Cremorne respectable, and to give a flavour of matronly dignity to the Surrey and Vauxhall; who has even horsewhipped presuming men when forgetful of themselves and her; who manufactures all sorts of little economies, and never minds what her tradespeople and the servants may say; who is always right in her own eyes, and cares nothing for the suffrages of the million; and who would not give one of the battered old feathers out of her hat for all the applause, or what people call "moral support," in the world. She is moral support enough to herself, and values nothing that goes by that name half so much as what she makes for herself.





## CHARLEMAGNE.

Few names are more frequently on the lips of students of mediæval history than that of Charlemagne. Yet of all the great rulers, statesmen and warriors of the Middle Ages, there is hardly one of whom we know so little. With romance and legends Charles's career is abundantly associated. Turpin's extraordinary story has made an impression, which those who like to take their history diluted with fiction, find it hard to efface; while Eginhard's "Life" (once virtually inaccessible to common readers, but now to be had for a trifle), is the briefest of compendiums. It was necessary, then, that some scholar should do justice to the subject, by carefully examining what data could be procured in French and German archives, and the Rev. Dr. Mompert was not unfitted by innate gifts and previous studies to undertake the task. His "History of Charles the Great" (he does not approve of the usual name) is a compact octavo volume of nearly 600 pages. He has endeavoured to clear away the incumbrance of legend and fiction that had gathered around the reign of the illustrious emperor, and his work consist largely of material, now presented for the first time in English, and resting almost wholly on the contemporary authority of annals and chronicles, biographies, letters, laws, poems, inscriptions, etc., covering one of the most important and interesting periods in history. The present work, which has been long in preparation and undergone successive revisions, narrates the events from the accession of Charles Martel to the death of Charles the Great. It traces the growth and establishment of the peerless empire of the mighty ruler, whose fierce religious zeal stamped out heathenism, awed the miscreant, enriched and exalted the Church, and whose enlightened liberality inaugurated a new era of civilization, which, after the lapse of a millennium, may still be discerned in living institutions. It also depicts the spirit of the age, as reflected in conquest, government, legislation, literature, religion, commerce, art, agriculture, and the daily life of the people. We hope to have an opportunity later on of indicating, by examples, some of its more striking features. Meanwhile we have no hesitation in commending the book to historical students. In fact, the name of the publishers (Messrs. Appleton, of New York) is a guarantee of its merits.

## FOLK-TALES FROM ARGYLLSHIRE.

We have already given our readers a general notion of the aims and work of the Folk-Lore Society. We have just learned from the secretary that it is purposed to hold an International Folk-Lore Congress next year, under the presidency of the distinguished author and scholar, Mr. Andrew Lang. The organizing committee has already been formed, with Mr. G. L. Gomme, F.S.A., as chairman, and Mr. C. G. Leland, author of "Algonquin Legends," as vice-chairman. There are at present folk-lore societies in almost every country in Europe, as well as in the United States, Mexico and South America; and a gathering composed of delegates from the various organizations could not but be fruitful in many ways. We have also received the latest of the society's publications—No. 4.—Folk and Hero Tales," collected, edited and translated by the Rev. D. McInnes, with Notes by the editor and Alfred Nutt. A portrait of the late J. F. Campbell (Campbell of Islay) adds to the value and interest of the volume. In the Preface, by Lord Archibald Campbell, we learn that when these tales were narrated—"as they were without a hesitation in their recital"—the narrator was in his seventy-fourth year. And Lord Campbell adds: "Like many others possessing fairy-lore, he has passed away within the last few years, and it is probable that before long the land will be ransacked in vain for the legendary folk-lore or for the fairy-lore pure and simple with which it was once teeming." The collection comprises twelve tales, of which the following are the titles: The Son of the King of Erin, Feunn MacCuail (Finn McCool) and the Bent Grey Lad, A King of the Albainn, The Herding of Cruachan, The Kingdom of the Green Mountains, The Ship that went to America, Koisha Kayn, or Kian's Leg, Lod the Farmer's Son, The Two Young Gentlemen, The Tale of Young Manus, Son of the King of Lochlann, Leona Creech, Son of the King of Erin, and Kaytav, Son of the King of the Cola, and A Battle fought by the Lochlanners in Dun-nac-Sneachain. These heroic tales all belong to the Fenian or Ossianic Saga—the development of which is traced by Mr. Nutt in an introduction to the Notes. "Existing Fenian tradition," he says, "falls formally into two well-defined classes, according as it is in prose or verse. The slightest examination of the mass of Fenian verse still current or only lately extinct in the Highlands, shows us that we are dealing with a product of partly literary origin, and that we have here in more perfect form. It is otherwise with prose tales. There is community of *Maerchen* between the Gael of Ireland and the Gael of Scotland, as we should naturally expect, and as will be made apparent throughout the course of these notes; but the impression left upon the mind is

not, as is the case with the ballads, that the one set of tales is derived from the other, still less that it is derived from a form that had already assumed a fixed literary shape." The oldest mentions of Finn to which an approximate date can with certainty be assigned, are those of the Irish "antiquaries" of the 10th and 11th centuries—men who made a profession of studying and recording the mythical traditions of their race. Tighernach, who died in 1088, and the contemporary annalists, looked upon Finn as a real historical personage of the 3rd century. Mr. Nutt gives a list of the passages that comprise the oldest form of the Saga. All the early mentions of Finn connect him with the South of Ireland. Summing up, the annotator believes that he may be regarded from three standpoints—the pseudo-historic or annalistic, that of the heroic-saga, and that of the mythic-saga. No great incident of race history enters into the Fenian Saga after the Norse invasion, so that there is reason to believe that its character was substantially fixed before the Norman Conquest. These tales are curious as evidences of the survival of the myth-making faculty even to our own day. We shall have more to say of the society and its work in future issues. Meanwhile we claim for it the favourable attention of Canadian folk-lore students.

## RECORDS OF THE SCOTO-ENGLISH BORDER.

We have received, through the courtesy of Messrs. W. Drysdale & Co., an extremely interesting and instructive contribution to border history—"The Historical Families of Dumfriesshire and the Border Wars," by C. L. Johnstone. Though the author's own family, that of the famous Annandale Johnstones, occupies a large share of attention, the other leading families of the county are not ignored. The book is illustrated by views of a number of old castles and churches, contains some important early lists of names, and a mass of curious information not to be found elsewhere. It is published by Messrs. Anderson & Son, of Dumfries; Messrs. John Menzies & Co., of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., of London.

## Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, September, 1890.

Sir Daniel Wilson, president of Toronto University, is extremely gratified at the news received last week from Sir Lyon Playfair, to the effect that Her Majesty's Commissioners for the exhibition of 1891 have placed the nomination of one of the scholarships instituted for the promotion of scientific study at the disposal of Toronto University. The annual value of the scholarship, which will be given in 1892, is £150. In all probability similar scholarships will be placed at the disposal of the university every two years thenceforth. The splendid prize cannot fail to bring lively competition into the study of physics, mechanics and chemistry, to which the scholarship is limited.

Mr. Chancellor Boyd's judgment in the case of the Attorney-General of Canada against the Attorney-General of Ontario declares the constitutional competence of the province in reference to the pardoning power and remitting of sentences for offences against the laws of the province or offences over which the legislative authority of the province extends. The legal arguments at the time in this matter created widespread interest, even outside the lines of lawyers and politicians, and the judgment is a feather in Mr. Mowat's silk hat which will be worn with pride. The Opposition in the Legislative Assembly will hear of it again and again during the next session.

The first meeting of the Canadian Lawn Tennis Association has already developed an increased interest in this game in Toronto, at all events. The play on all the days was watched by a fashionable and fairly large crowd. The weather was auspicious, and the spectators were pleased. The play throughout was excellent and attractive. The visitors from Buffalo, N.Y., carried off the honours, but the Toronto club did splendidly before rivals who were not expected to prove quite so formidable. The double championship was won by Messrs. Tanner and Smith, of Buffalo, and the former took away first honours in the singles from Mr. Macklem, of the Toronto club, by 6-2, 6-3, 6-3.

The action of the Police Commissioners about the vagrant party bands, which have become a positive danger to the peace of the city, is approved of warmly. The hesitation of the City Council, when urged time and time again after outbreaks had occurred, to pass a by-law to stop party tune-playing on the streets, required this application of the spur to the frightened aldermen. The press had become tired of reasoning, and even abusing. The spirit of Orange and Green was daily becoming more aggressive. It was, however, a shock to all respectable citizens to find that the bad blood had showed itself in the schools, and that a number of lads from the McCaul street public school had besieged and battered St. Patrick's separate school. Four of the young rioters have been brought before the Police Magistrate; but the Police Commissioners, deciding at their last meeting that the deplorable condition of things existing should not continue, sent a sharp message to the aldermen that, if they still refused to pass a by-law, the police powers would have to be stretched to meet the evil. Mayor Clarke is expected to put the aldermen face to face with their duty at the next meeting of the Council.

Dr. C. W. Covernton, who has for years paid much attention to the subject of sewage disposal, has written a letter which is being discussed side by side with the scheme of City Engineer Jennings. From year to year Dr. Covernton has pressed upon public attention the advantages of the electrolytic system. He now seems to have arrived at the conclusion that the solution of the question of the disposal of sewage has been reached. He will make an extended report to the Provincial Board of Health.

Clubmen, and particularly the members of the Reform Club, have warmed themselves in the discussion of the blackballing of Hon. J. W. Longley by the Halifax club.

The final number of the *Bystander* had a rapid sale among people who sought to know Prof. Smith's motive in ceasing its publication.

In every local newspaper throughout the length and breadth of Ontario one reads the most gratifying reports about the crops. The success of the fall fairs that have come off, and the assured success of those yet to be held evidence great agricultural prosperity. It is equally satisfactory to note that Canadian sheep-breeders have swept everything before them at the Detroit International Exhibition. The Toronto Industrial Exhibition, now going on, is admitted on all sides to be the most successful ever held in the history of the association. With increased accommodation in almost all the departments, entries were closed earlier than usual. The Earl of Aberdeen, in his speech at the formal opening, had good grounds for indulging in expressions of admiration for Canadian industry and progress.

A feature of the Toronto exhibition of this year is the art gallery, which has been taken under the control of the Ontario Society of Artists. This department in the past sadly needed to be looked after, and the committee of the O. S. A. have done well. The exhibition shows again the industry and amount of good work which our artists are capable of. The patriotic work of such men as Mr. Bell-Smith is well placed. Mr. J. W. L. Forster's work is all new. A more detailed notice will be given later.

Mr. G. L. Bettman, a violinist, formerly of Portland, Oregon, who has studied seven years in Leipzig, Frankfurt, Dresden and Brussels, will hereafter reside in Toronto.

Carl Zerrahn, with an orchestra of thirty-five men and some star vocalists, will sing with the Philharmonic society in November.

The late rebellion in the Vocal Society, and the establishment by the rebels of the Haslam Vocal Society, from outward appearances seems to have had rather a good effect. The members of either organization would at once grow indignant if it should be insinuated in their presence that their side does not possess the bulk of the old membership. However this may be, and the spirit of jealousy apart, both sides are strong and healthy, and are not suffering, it would seem, from any lack of membership. The two directors, Mr. Elliott Haslam and Mr. W. Edgar Buck, are going along with their rehearsals, and the annual concerts only can decide which party shall win most public favour.

The Philharmonics are working along in harmony, as they always have been. They are now practising weekly. "Elijah," the work on which they are engaged, will need all the choristers they can win to their ranks.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster has sold his much-discussed picture, "The Rival Schools," to Mr. J. Enoch Thompson's gallery.

The circumstances which have come to light in connection with the death of the late Mr. John Kent, school trustee, have been seized upon by the medical profession and by the general public, with the desire that by this case the growth of what is called "Christian Science" in Toronto shall if possible be nipped. Over a year ago a convention of these Christian scientists, from the United States principally, was held in Association Hall. Their meetings were largely attended, and their views came in for considerable pulpit criticism. After their sessions had come to an end, local believers took up the business, and soon the College of Physicians and Surgeons had to take action against a certified practitioner who, in the Medical Court, offered to make some passes above the head of the prosecuting lawyer. Non-professionals, however, were drawing the majority of this class of clients. The late Mr. Kent who, for three years, had been following the recognized legal treatment for diabetes, was induced by a friend to submit himself to Mrs. Stewart, who had attained considerable notoriety as a faith-curer. When he did this he stopped the medical treatment, and in a fortnight diabetic coma supervened and he died. An inquest was ordered, with a view to holding Mrs. Stewart for manslaughter. The coroner, Dr. Johnson, delivered a strong charge to the jury, and, after several hours of deliberation, a verdict of manslaughter was returned.

## Solace of the Stars.

Mourner, that, giving all thy thoughts to one,  
Dost in his loss consign thee to despair,  
Look to the skies forsaken by the sun  
And read the consolation written there.

Though glimmering lights can ne'er bring back the day,  
Yet stars of twilight soon less dimly burn;  
Singly and slowly fade their fires away;  
And late stars linger till the day's return.

F. B. C.



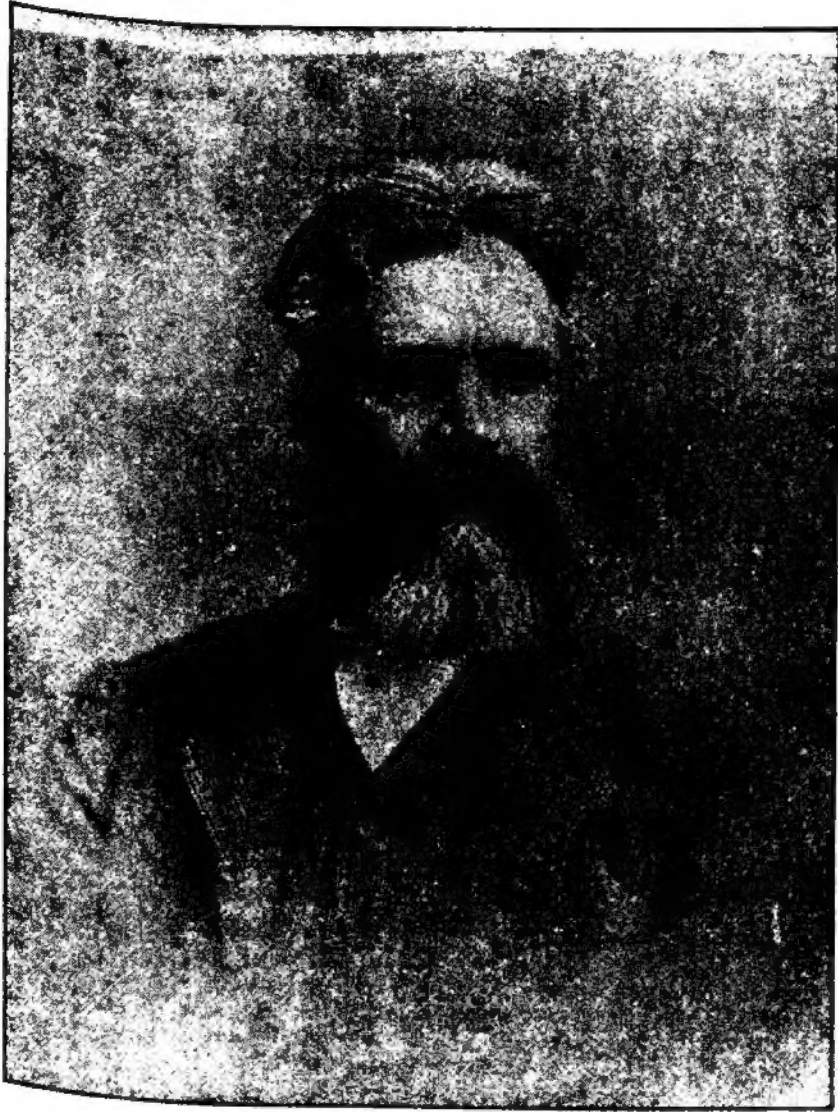


On the Docks.  
Presbyterian Church.

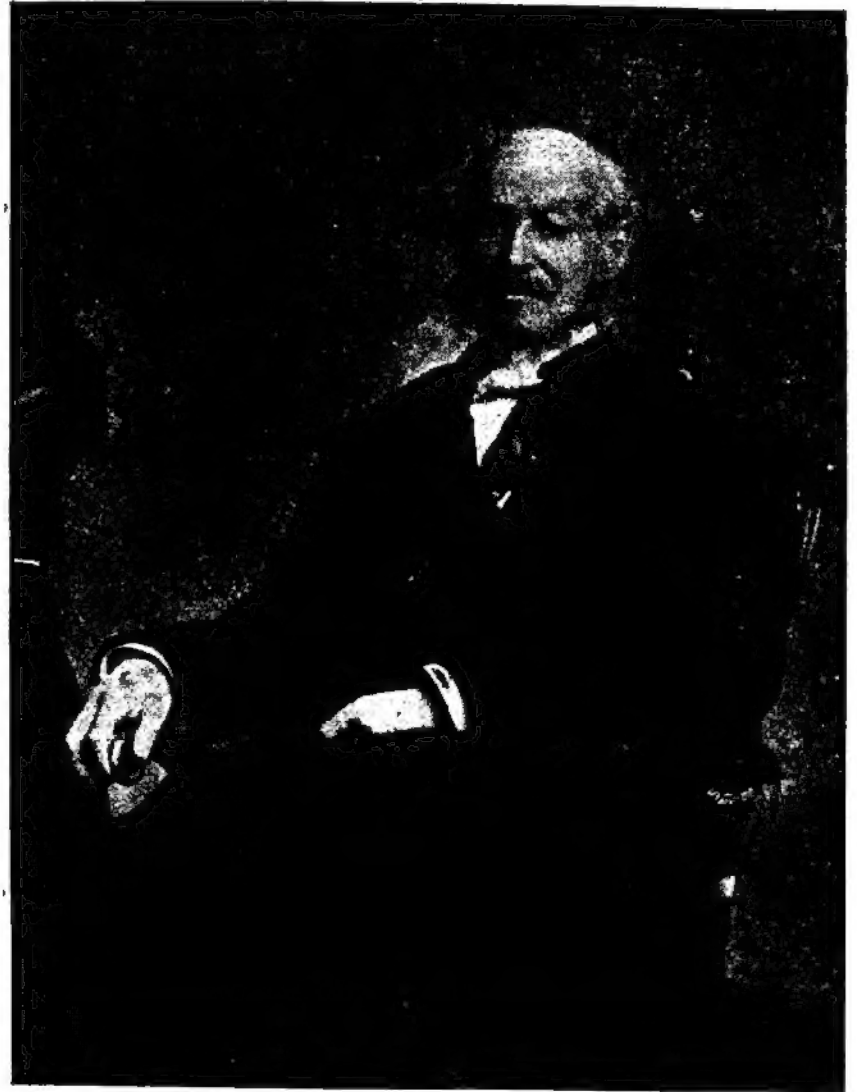
Kincardine Harbour.  
On the River Penetangore.  
Kincardine Harbour.  
VIEWS OF KINCARDINE, ONT.

Methodist Church.  
Church of England.





THE LATE DR. WILSON, Ottawa.



THE LATE JUDGE O'REILLY, Hamilton.



G. DEMPSEY'S RINK, G. B. C.,  
WINNERS OF SECOND PRIZE.

J. D. HENDERSON'S RINK, G. B. C.,  
WINNERS OF THE TROPHY.

W. H. BIGGAR, M.P., BELLEVILLE,  
PRES. OF THE BOWLING ASSOCIATION,  
WINNER OF TWO PAIR MATCH.

W. O. THORNTON'S RINK, G. B. C.,  
WINNERS OF CONSOLATION PRIZE.

COMPETITORS AT BOWLING TOURNAMENT, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.





Last week I remarked that Montreal would come out very much on top in the lacrosse match with the Ottawas, and the prediction was verified very forcibly. Ottawa was to a certain extent the sport of circumstances, as a mistake had been made somewhere and the visitors went on the field like the proverbial daw in borrowed plumage and with borrowed weapons. The strange part of it was that when their own properties arrived they did not get along so well as with the borrowed ones. The match itself was only a mediocre one, much more interesting ones having been played this season, and a much better game will have to be played if Toronto is to be defeated. The score of six to one does not give any idea of what the match was like, for Ottawa, as far as play was concerned, should have scored three games instead of one.

The Leroux protest is now under consideration, and probably some decision will be come to about Christmas time, if the same delays are going to characterize the proceedings that have marked them since the first protest was lodged. It looks as if the intention were to do nothing until the end of the season; then, of course, it will be too late, and matters will dawdle along until next year, when some more legislation will be done and the legislators will feel happy in being such worthy disciples of the sprightly little Barnacles of the Circumlocution Amateur Antediluvian Association.

By the way, what is the senior league playing for this year outside of gate receipts? What trophy will be awarded the successful club? The shield, which is now in possession of the Montreal club, was never intended as a piece of challenge plate, and I think the original agreement made that matter clear. Would it not be well that the executive consider the question, because the members of the winning team will be anxious to know what sort of a present they are going to make to their club.

The Torontos are looking forward with considerable confidence to the coming struggle on the Rosedale grounds with their old-time rivals, the Montrealers. The Western men have not been going into fast training, but they have been keeping themselves in good condition, and when the men in grey go to the Queen City they will have quite a lot of work cut out for them to win. With the moral support of playing on their own grounds and an enthusiastic crowd to cheer them on, together with that splendid home of Toronto, the odds seem to be considerably in favour of the latter.

It is certainly not the fault of the gentlemen who have the management of the Bel-Air track in hand if the general public is not aroused to a full appreciation of the beauties of horse racing. Ever since the organization of the club there has been one continuous outflow of money in making improvements and adopting new suggestions. It has been a losing game for the men who had to put their hands in their pockets; but, like genuine sportsmen, they have held on, and they intend to hold on until the track is made the best and most popular in Canada. If grit and perseverance and generosity go for anything, they will see their anticipations fulfilled in the near future. The trainers who spent this week at the track are loud in their praise of the improvement. "Why, it is like going on velvet," said one of them, and he was not a green hand either. The meetings this year have to a large extent been hindered by bad weather; but, with fine weather to-day (Saturday), there ought to be such a crowd present as will make up in some degree for past backsliding.

Homing pigeons are a comparatively new institution in Canada; but the growth of interest in it has been remarkably rapid. In the West especially is this noticeable. Not much, if anything, has been done in this line in the Province of Quebec; but the Western men are contemplating training East, and this idea will in all probability assume tangible form, if anything like reasonable rates can be made with the express companies. There is more importance than mere sport attached to homing competitions, and if the military authorities would let the matter have some attention, they would give it a great impetus. Telegraph wires may be cut, trains wrecked, and couriers intercepted, but it wants a good shot to bring down a carrier flying high, and he is not so big a mark as a balloon.

Far British Columbia is looking for admission to the C.A.A.O., and Secretary Littlejohn has been communicated with as to receiving the St. James Bay Rowing Club, of Victoria, into the association. The secretary of the club is remarkably innocent and also remarkably honest, for in his application he states that several members of the club are professionals, some having played baseball for money, and one man having rowed for a five dollar money prize once in his life. The wild and woolly West should get a few pointers in amateur ethics from this effete East of ours. How many professionals masquerade as amateurs this side of the Rockies who would be virtuously indignant

if such a thing were suggested. Do they acknowledge anything? Not much. They wait to be found out, and even then step down and out with a very bad grace.

At the Elmira horse show Messrs. Moorehouse & Pepper were remarkably successful; they captured nearly everything before them and are to be congratulated thereon. There was one accident, however, which was to be regretted. Ontario attempted to beat Roseberry's great record for a \$500 purse; but only topped the pole at 5 ft. 9 in. and hurt himself so badly that he will not be able to jump for some time.

The Council of the N. A. L. A. held a meeting on Saturday last at Mr. C. J. Doherty's office, and a few minor matters were discussed, the claimants for a district championship being ordered to play off for it; but the leading question was brought up by Mr. Maguire of Sherbrooke, who claimed that the Capitals, of Ottawa, were not entitled to the intermediate championship on account of having one Mr. O'Brien on the team. Mr. O'Brien was convicted of some criminal offence, but it was not known whether it was the same Mr. O'Brien or not, and the secretary was instructed to make enquiries looking to that end. There seems to be a good deal of unnecessary trimmings about lacrosse laws these days, and when two legal gentlemen cannot make up their minds as to whether an error is criminal or not, it seems a funny thing that the lacrosse laity should take it on themselves to decide.

The Montreal Hunt Club fall meeting is always looked forward to with a good deal of attention. Riding men and civilians and farmers rather like the excursions of the men who follow the chase. There is something dashing and daring about it that recommends itself to the consideration of the man whose idea of sport does not take in any anxiety as to a small header or so forth. A stiff paling, a treacherous water jump, a deceiving stone wall may be taken all nicely in their way, but who is to account for the uncertainties of a country where barbed wire is the unnatural protector. A ride across country where everything that comes in the way is supposed to be negotiable is an entirely different thing from the way of going in the old times, when a hunter could be faced at anything up to five feet and a half. Our hunters now are better if anything than the old style, but instead of taking a stone wall that one faced as if storming a forlorn hope, or a hedge that at its best would only prick the jumper, we have now a barbarous invention called barbed wire. This is not intended as a joke, as many who have gone over ground on the Island of Montreal will recognize. A barbed wire fence is a reminder of Hades or Purgatory or something else to the unfortunate pink-coated gentleman who hankers after a brush to hang over the mantel-piece; he would sooner have rail fences or a low line of stones to mark out his property. Barbed wire is a convenient thing for the farmer, but a most uncomfortable arrangement for the hunter, and if Montreal is intending to support the Hunt Club it might be suggested that the club make some arrangements for its tri-weekly meets where the destructive wire was not a primary consideration. Every man who has ever worn cords will agree with me. It is a difficult thing to persuade Mr. Reynard to run in an obliging line. That contra-minded vulpian will go just where he pleases, and the hunters will have to follow; but the fox is not going to have it quite all his own way. The M. H. C. have decided to make a separate programme for every week's runs. Everything will depend on the country to be gone over and the weather. It seems a better scheme than any hitherto followed, and as the island is pretty well populated with the poultry-stealing rogue there should be comparatively little difficulty in running him to earth one place or the other. The opening of the season takes place to-day, when members will take the initiatory breakfast at 10 o'clock. On Tuesday there will be a run to Pointe-aux-Trembles; on Thursday St. Laurent will be the scene of chase, and on next Saturday there will be an old-time hunting breakfast at Verdun, when that fine old sportsman and master, John Crawford, will do the honours.

Now that the bowling season is about to commence, would it not be a good idea for the Montreal league to try and induce some outside clubs to take part in this muscle-giving sport. The Ottawa team, who played several matches with our city clubs, showed a marked improvement by the end of the season, and I am sure would like to come into the league. I believe there is also a strong bowling contingent in Cornwall, besides other towns not far from Montreal. Our city clubs last year created an interest never before known in the annals of bowling in Canada. Matches were too few and far between last winter, and with the past season's experience and assistance from outside clubs I think the interest would greatly increase. Let Mr. President Forget and his committee get their heads together and see if they cannot prepare a good programme for the lovers of this sport for the winter of 1890-91.

The interest in thoroughbred horses is apparently growing every year in Canada, and the importations by the St. Lawrence route this season will undoubtedly be the largest on record. Almost every steamer brings from 10 to 100 selected animals; but the SS. Amaranthia on her last trip brought a particularly fine bunch, including such horses as Parisian, Bushfield, The Chicken, Old Ireland, Sarah and four unnamed colts, in all nine of the finest animals which

have ever been seen in this city. They are the property of Mr. Gamble Orr, Ormandie Cottage Stud, Belfast, Ireland. The horses will be exhibited at the Dominion show at Toronto, and will, no doubt, remain in this country.

The Montreal Hunt Club have put out their programme for the 2nd and 4th of next month. The races will take place at the Blue Bonnets course. The following is the card:

#### FIRST DAY.

1st. Green steeplechase, for a purse of \$200; \$150 to first horse; \$50 to second; third horse to save entrance fee. For horses that have never won a steeplechase or hurdle race, and that shall have been regularly and fairly hunted by members during the current season, and *bona fide* the members of the Montreal Hunt or any other Hunt in the Dominion or the United States on or before the 15th August, 1890. Over two miles of fair hunting country. Welter weights for age. Half breeds allowed seven pounds. Entrance, \$10.

2nd. Half bred handicap steeplechase, for a purse of \$200; \$150 to first horse; \$50 to second; third horse to save entrance fee. For half-bred horses *bona fide* the property of members of the Montreal Hunt, or any other Hunt in the Dominion or in the United States on or before August 15th, 1890, and have not started for any race except a hunter's race in 1890, and that shall have been regularly and fairly hunted during the current season. Over the green course. Entrance, \$10.

3rd. Members' plate, for a piece of plate value \$100. For half-bred horses that have never won a steeplechase or hurdle race—the Consolation Handicap excepted—and shall have fairly and regularly hunted with the Montreal Hunt by members during the current season. To be ridden by members elected on or before 15th August, 1890. Over green course. Welter weights for age. Entrance, \$10.

4th. Open flat race, 1½ miles. A sweepstake of \$15, half forfeit, with \$150 added, of which \$50 to second, third to save his stake. Horses to be declared out by 30th September, 1890. Light welter weights.

#### SECOND DAY.

5th. Open handicap steeplechase, for a purse of \$300; \$250 to first horse; \$50 to second; third horse to save entrance fee. Open to all horses. Over cup course. Entrance, \$15.

6th. Hunt cup, for a piece of plate value \$300. For horses that shall have been fairly and regularly hunted by members with the Montreal Hunt during the current season, and have not started for any race except a hunter's race in 1890, and *bona fide* the property of members of the Montreal Hunt on or before August 15th, 1890. To be ridden by members elected on or before the same date. Over three miles of fair hunting country. Weight, 12 stone. Winners of this race once, 10 lbs.; twice or more, 15 lbs. extra. Thoroughbred to carry 10 lbs. Entrance, \$20.

7th. Farmers' race, for a purse of \$400; \$200 to first horse; \$75 to second; \$50 to third; \$40 to fourth; \$35 to fifth. For half-bred horses bred on the Island of Montreal which have never started in any race except a farmers' race, the Hunt Cup, Queen's Plate or Consolation Handicap, and owned by *bona fide* farmers of the Counties of Hochelaga, Jacques Cartier, Isle Jesus, to be ridden by farmers or farmers' sons of those counties, whose sole occupation is farming. Imported half-bred mares which have dropped a foal on the Island since January 1st, 1884, and being the *bona fide* property of a farmer, are eligible. Winners of this race once, 7 lbs.; twice, 14 lbs.; three times, 21 lbs. extra. Mares that have suckled a foal this year allowed 5 lbs. Over the green course. Welter weights for age. Entrance free.

Consolation handicap steeplechase, for a purse of \$100; \$50 to first horse; \$30 to second; \$20 to third. For horses beaten during the meeting, winners excluded. Over the green course. Entries to close immediately after the farmers' race. Entrance free. R. O. X.

#### A Rainy Day.

Not piled up massy clouds soft greys on greys,  
A score of tints, with rifts of blue between,  
Not lovely lights across the shadowed scene,—  
As rush of tears a shy smile fiftful sways,—  
The lowering lift of dull unwavering mien  
And drop on drop calm Nature's will betrays!

The morn no joyous look of welcome wears,  
To greet the sun close wrapped in misty pall;  
The boughs droop dismal; no faint twitters fall  
From one to one across this dawn in tears;  
Like a wan ghost the waking world appears!

The hours that yesterday were fleet of wing,  
Now clad in melancholy steal away;  
Their dripping pinions beat no measure gay  
Across the air; for haply everything  
In sympathy doth acquiescence bring!

No lingering now in path or busy street,  
Where straggling bushes of the wild-rose grow;  
Or all the world is passing to and fro;  
The steady down-fall leaves no wish to greet  
A friend; but urges on our hurrying feet!

Yet brightness hath a place where hearts are gay,  
Though noon and eve claim drear equality;  
In metaphor or stern reality  
There still be they life's forfeit will not pay,  
Who make their own sunshine on a rainy day!

KAY LIVINGSTONE



## Military Notes.

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I took the Sergeant by the hand,  
I served for thirty year—  
Till now, a tottering veteran, I  
On one leg wander here.  
But when the music passes by  
I throw my crutch aside,  
And murmur in the Sergeant's ear  
With all the old glad pride—  
"Here they come,  
Fife and drum!  
Gaily led,  
The lads in red.  
Now I say,  
Old and grey,  
If this life had but one day—  
I'd give it twenty times to come  
To be back once more with the Fife and Drum!"  
J. L. MILLOY.

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The Canadian Wimbledon week has come and gone, and the anticipations of many—young and old—have found themselves face to face with stern reality in the shape of completed score-sheets. Ottawa during the first week in September of each year is getting to be more and more the Mecca towards which all Canadian riflemen turn their eyes, and the excellent management and the steadily growing liberality of the prize-list has contributed much to this end. To a man who does not care a button about rifle-shooting, the eagerness and enthusiasm with which lovers of the sport look forward to the larger prize-meetings in general and the D.R.A. week in particular, is incomprehensible. No one but a shot—or an attempt at one—can understand the feeling; but to such a one the pleasure of looking forward long antedates the eventful week; and the merging of the anticipation into the reality constitutes the most pleasurable period of the summer.

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Last week's meeting was an unqualified success, and all who participated speak in the highest terms of the good time they had, coupled (in most cases) with the most elaborate explanations as to their failure to get into the Aggregate. Again has the plum of the prize list—the Governor-General's \$250—fallen to one of that family that has so largely aided in keeping up Canada's shooting reputation. If we may be allowed to plagiarize from Napier, we can truly say "Nothing can stop those astonishing Mitchells."

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Of the improvements and reforms that have been introduced into the Canadian service in the last fifteen or twenty years, almost all have been in the direction of the establishment and maintenance of our little regular army—very few tending towards the bettering of the great backbone of our defence—the militia. The establishment of the Royal Military College, the formation of the Schools of Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry, the raising of that superb cavalry force, the North-West Mounted "Police" (sic), all relate to our small but efficient body of permanent troops. It is doubtful if the militia force of to-day is as good as it was 20 years ago. It is true that the abortive attempts of the Fenians on our borders, from 1863 to 1870, had developed a good deal of special interest in our defensive forces; but allowing a good margin for that, our volunteer regiments were better and more numerous than to-day. We had the advantage of an Imperial garrison in every large city of the Dominion, and no young man of spirit could see those superb parades on the Champ de Mars without feeling a touch of the magnetic influence that attends all military display. Man is a war-loving animal, all the peace societies in Christendom to the contrary notwithstanding, and the continuous pop and circumstance of war has a strong effect in moulding those with whom its followers are brought into contact into a similar frame of mind. The arms and accoutrements of the Canadian militia at that time were identical with those of the line regiments. Since then what advances have the former made in that respect? None. The same rifle, excellent in 1870, but practically obsolete in 1890; the same knapsack—universal in 1870, but a barbarism in 1890. The army has kept pace with the years; our militia has stood still.

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If our war-lords have not the wishes and means to endeavour to increase the number of men put under military training each year—to arm the force with a weapon on some sort of a par with that used by other nations—or to have an active service equipment in accordance with the ideas of modern civilization—a few minor measures might well be adopted which would not involve an alarmingly serious addition to the estimates, and might even add a few more rays of brilliancy to the lofty military position we now occupy. One of the first steps—and it is not a difficult one—should be the practical instruction of the regimental staff and field officers of each district in the long and defensive positions on that part of the frontier along which they would most naturally be called upon to act should hostilities arise. It is unnecessary to waste words in this point; its utility must be evident to any sensible man. No student of tactics can have failed to notice the stress laid upon this subject, and no reader of military history but must have noted the numberless instances in

which the success of engagements, and even of campaigns, was due to the personal knowledge of roads, rivers, fords, bridges, and positions best adapted for defence or attack, possessed by individual officers. How many Montreal field officers, for instance, know the roads, rivers, etc., in a single county on the frontier; and when we consider that from Huntingdon to Compton there are eight counties touching American soil—to say nothing of the terribly elongated line running up through the eastern part of the province—I think that it cannot but be evident that no officer should receive a first-class certificate before it is apparent to the examiners that he possesses a fair knowledge of the military points of at least the nearest frontier county.

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The following article, on "Punishments in the French Army," recently appeared in *Unity Fair*. It is to be hoped that the picture is overdrawn, otherwise there would be little choice between such an existence and that of a criminal in Siberia:—"The punishments in the French army are of a very severe nature, more especially when it is considered that the men thus punished are not by any means criminals, but only soldiers who have not behaved so well as they might. These are deported to Algeria under the name of "Camisards," where they are enrolled in the *compagnies de discipline*. Before embarking the man has his boots taken from him, which are replaced by sabots, and on arriving at his destination he receives a uniform of grey wool and a cap with a large brim. The men are farmed out to do work, and are all the time under the supervision of non-commissioned officers, who treat their inferiors with the greatest brutality. It is, however, the punishments to which the men are subjected for the most trifling offences which must excite indignation. A common punishment is to keep them night and day in a hole in the ground with perpendicular walls, so that escape is impossible. Scorching heat by day and cold by night, with rations reduced to one quarter of their proper quantity, make the very common punishment of the *gargouille* extremely trying. The imprisoning of men in the *tombaux*, or regulation tents, which are only fifty centimetres broad, and sixty high, is no rarity; and during their incarceration the prisoners receive no water, nor wine, nor coffee. A little meat and some *bouillon* is their whole nourishment during the day. But those who are punished with cells are incomparably worse off. They are never allowed, under any circumstances, to leave the hole they are kept in either by day or by night. They have no duties or work to pass the time, and only get some warm soup every second day, with a very limited quantity of water daily. This punishment is made still more severe by putting the men into irons on certain occasions. The delinquent has two iron rings round his ankles, which are connected by an iron bar rather more than a foot in length, so that his legs form an isosceles triangle with it. He is forced to lie down on his face, and then his arms are chained on his back, whereupon he is put into his *tombau*. He can only eat his soup like a dog, and if he wants to drink he must seize his bottle with his teeth, and should he let the bottle fall his ration of water is lost for that day. Any complaints are at once stopped by a gag. Only quite recently a punishment was in use called the *crapandine*. The prisoner's hands and feet are chained together, and in this posture he was strung up onto an iron bar. The *camisard* is also in use. The soldier is first put into a strait-jacket, his hands are tied on his back, and round his neck an iron collar is fastened, which is attached to an iron bar in the wall. The man has to stand in this position as long as eight days, unable to lie down or to do any thing for himself."

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An interesting incident in connection with the recent visit to England of the Emperor of Germany was the practical trial of an expedient devised by Colonel Crease, C.B., commanding the Royal Marine Artillery, to minimise the results of the heavy and demoralizing fire to which the fighting line of an attacking force using smokeless powder would be exposed from a defensive position. The system tried is called the new smoke attack, and consists of smoke-cases carried by the men in the advance; these cases when ignited produce such a dense volume of smoke as not only to shelter the firing line, enabling them to take better aim and give considerable immunity from loss, but also to screen the movements of the supports and reserves and enable the re-enforcement of the fighting line to be effected without the knowledge of the enemy. The cases consist of paper tubes, 18 inches long by 2 inches diameter, filled with a smoke-producing composition and with perforated tin covers. The result appeared to be highly satisfactory, and the use of these cases will, no doubt, be general in similar future events. History is always repeating itself, and the coincidence is a marked one between the use of grenades by our Grenadiers in the last century and the employment of smoke-cases by the infantry of the present day.

### Vegetable Traps.

Most plants derive their nutriment from the ground by means of their roots, but there are those which feed on insects, and are very curiously adapted for this purpose. Specially to be noted for this class are the Pitcher plants, of which there is quite a variety. One of the most beautiful grows on the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in Northern California, higher up than the top of Mount Washington. It is called *Darlingtonia Californica*. It has no leaves, but from the root there grow two kinds of pitchers, some of them small, others large, veined and beautifully coloured,

having a curved roof and two long flaring wings. Each of these pitchers is twisted about half a turn. The colours are brilliant reds, yellows and greens, richer and mellow than most plants of this sort. The flower grows on a stem four or five feet in height, and resembles a red and yellow striped tulip hanging downward. Both flower and pitcher are arranged as a trap to entice and catch the unwary insect.

In North Carolina there is a pitcher plant that has some ordinary leaves, while others are so folded and fastened together as to form a long tube, very small at the base, bulging out in the middle, then drawn in at the top, which is open. Above there is quite a wide, veined and curved leaf, which is upright and partially covers the pitcher. Along the edge of that portion of the leaf pitcher, outside of the seam, there are honey drops to allure the insect to the top, where it tumbles down into the tube, which is covered with delicate hairs pointing downward, so that once in there is no getting out. Some of these plants have clear spots at the upper end which let in the light.

In Borneo there are giant pitcher plants (*Nepenthes*). One species has brightly coloured, bottle-shaped leaves, which stand upright on the ground, and one leaf holds about two quarts of pure water, which is distilled from the plant itself. Others creep along on the ground and cling to the rocks. Their leaves are in the form of water flasks with a lid. Others are epiphytal. Of these the best and most distinct is *N. Vetchii*, which bears from thirty to forty pitchers, some of which are red, others green blotched with red, while some are pure green. *N. Lowii* in shape resembles an old-fashioned wine flagon; it is epiphytal, growing on Casuarina trees at an elevation of 5,000 to 6,000 feet on Kina Balu Mountain. Not all the pitcher plants can be classed, however, among the traps.

Bladder-worts are among the insect catchers. They grow mostly in water, but some are epiphytal. The curious little cups or bladders were formerly supposed to be useful for floating the plant, but closer observation has shown them to be for traps. When an insect comes in contact with the mouth of the bladder, a trap-door suddenly opens, the victim is drawn in and absorbed. There is a quantity of little four-rayed stars inside the stomach, which are the organs of digestion.

The Sun-dew is another of the insect catchers. Some have long, narrow leaves; others round ones. These sparkle in the sunshine as though covered with raindrop or dew. It is a sweet, sticky substance by which insects are caught. Through a magnifying glass the leaf will be seen to be fringed around the edge and covered on the upper surface with what have been called tentacles, because they seem like the arms of certain sea animals, with which they capture their prey. The leaf sags a little in the middle and when an insect is glued fast by the sticky drop every tentacle begins to curve over and fasten more strongly. The movement is very slow—so slow that it takes frequently several hours for it to be complete. What is very remarkable about it, if a fly alights on the side of the leaf, or anywhere away from the centre, the tentacle it touches bends over, carrying its prey with it to the centre of the leaf, and then all the tentacles move towards the middle and clasp it. The leaf then pours over it a liquid acid which dissolves what is good for food, thus acting as does the gastric juice in our stomachs. One full meal will last the plant nearly a week. It must have the right kind of food, however. Dr. Darwin fed a sun-dew on cheese, which made it turn yellow and sickly, and it finally died with dyspepsia. When a few drops of milk were poured on a leaf it curved up around the edges, making the form more cup-like, while the tentacles bent over to absorb it. Another remarkable thing has been noted: if a bit of meat is divided, half of it placed on the leaf and the other on some moss beside it, the piece on the leaf will remain fresh until digested, while that on the moss becomes spoiled.

Venus's fly-trap is of quite different construction from those described. The leaves grow out from the centre of the plant and are in three divisions. On the tip of each grows the trap, which is made similar to the valves of a clam-shell. They are hinged at the back and edged all around with sharp spikes. On the inner side are three long hairs which are very sensitive, so that the instant they are touched the valves close, the spikes are locked together and the insect is entrapped. If the thing caught is the right sort for food, the spikes remain clasped till it is digested; if not good, they speedily open and drop it out.

In view of the wonderful operations of the vegetable traps specified, it would seem as though they were possessed of intelligence.

M. D. WELCOME.

### Shipwreck in a Calm.

No cloud of ill presaged the midnight woe;  
With heedless tensioned pride the great ship throbbed  
To kiss the coy horizon's crowning line,  
Disdainful of the jealous swell, that deemed  
The embrace its own; and men and women slept  
Confiding in the wanton strength that dares  
The crested storm or flouts the staying calm.  
Fate holds, however, no counsel with the skill  
That man can boast: its unrelenting grasp  
Reveals no law that man can tame his own:  
His pride of toil is but the tiny sphere  
Whose soapy film breaks at a moment's breath  
To pass within the yeast of chaos, God-controlled.

J. M. HARPER.





PRIVATE MACFARLANE  
STAFF-SGT. MCADAM.

CORPORAL MCCHAE.  
PRIVATE MCMARTIN.

LIEUT. POPE, TEAM CAPTAIN.

CORPORAL BINMORE.  
COL.-SGT. BROWN

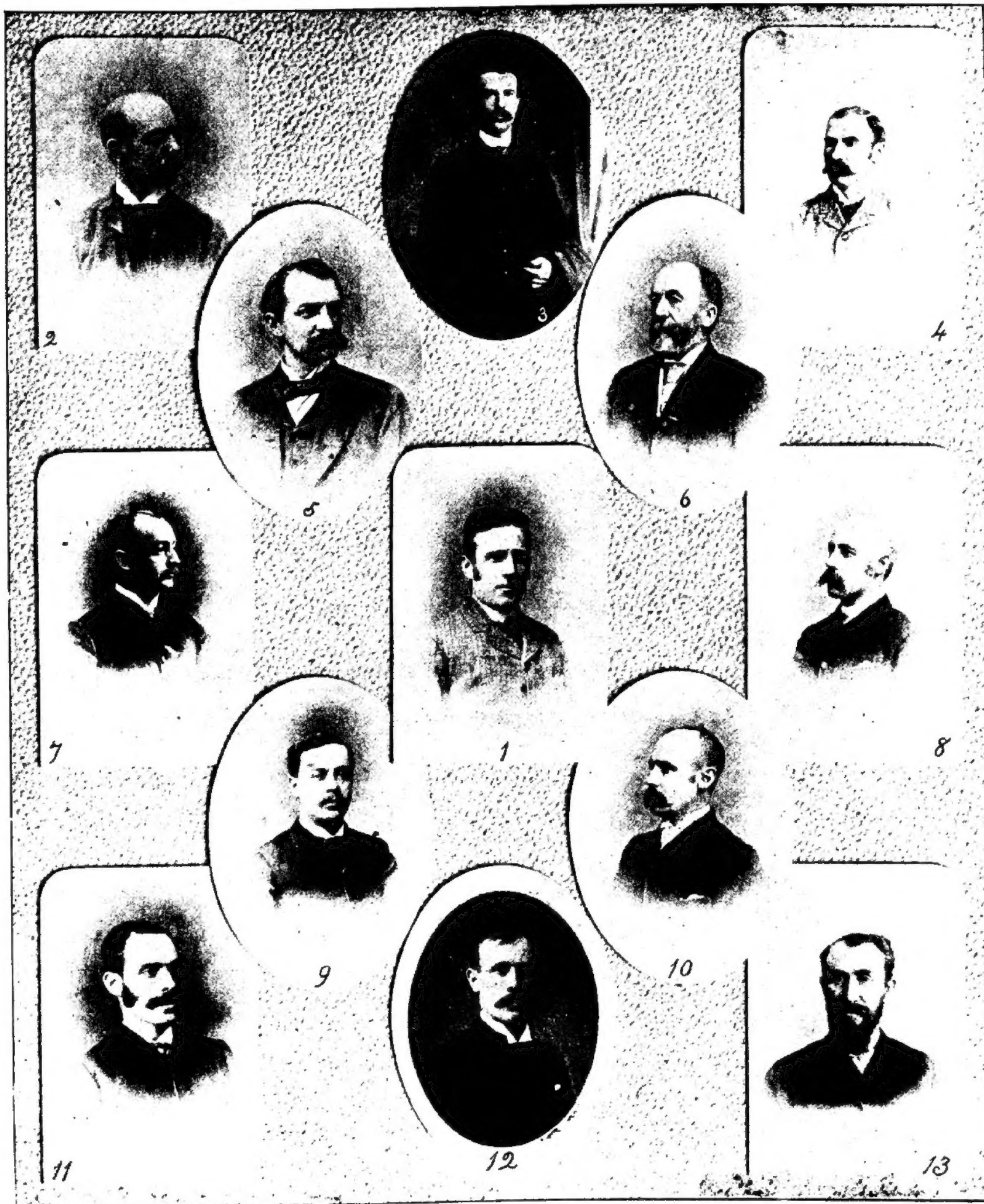
CO-PRIVAT AL MATHEWS.  
PRIVATE MCAFEE

RIFLE TEAM OF THE VICTORIA RIFLES. (Winners of the Carslake Trophy.)



BRIDGE OVER THE CHAUDIERE, NEAR QUEBEC.





1. Joseph Pope, Private Secretary of the Rt. Hon. Sir J. A. Macdonald.  
 2. Clarence C. Chipman, " Hon. C. H. Tupper.  
 3. Alph. Benoit, " Hon. Sir A. P. Caron.  
 4. Jas. E. W. Carrier, " Hon. C. C. Colby.  
 5. F. P. E. Roy, " Hon. Sir H. Langevin.  
 6. Matthew Frs. Walsh, " Hon. John Costigan.

7. Louis H. Taché, Private Secretary of the Hon. J. A. Chapleau.  
 8. A. L. Jarvis, " Hon. John Carling.  
 9. E. L. Sanders, " Hon. McK. Bowell.  
 10. Douglas Stewart, " Hon. Sir J. S. D. Thompson.  
 11. John H. Balderson, " Hon. John Haggart.  
 12. A. Chisholm, " Hon. Edgar Dewdney.  
 13. F. J. Jenkins, Private Secretary to the Hon. George E. Foster.

PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE MINISTERS OF THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT.





Pieces of cheese cloth make the very best kind of dusters. Hem the edges and have a large enough supply so that one set can be washed each day.

There is nothing better for nervousness than celery tea, the tops of roots, or even the seeds, and in draining the water from cooked celery you lose the best part.

White silk, a wedding dress, for instance, may be kept for years, without acquiring the faintest tint of yellow, if wrapped in a linen sheet that has been deeply blueed, and over this two or three thicknesses of heavy brown wrapping paper.

**HOT MILK FOR THE OVERWORKED.**—People who cannot drink cold milk often find it palatable and very beneficial when taken as hot as possible. Upon some tired and overworked persons it has an exhilarating effect. The milk should be fresh and heated as hot as possible without boiling.

To preserve lemons put a layer of dry, fine sand, an inch in depth, at the bottom of an earthenware jar. Place a row of lemons upon this, stalks downwards, and be careful that they do not touch one another. Cover them with another layer of sand, fully three inches in depth, lay on it more lemons, and repeat until the jar is full. Store in a cool, dry place. Lemons thus preserved will keep for months.

**TO CURE DAMP CELLAR WALLS.**—The following, it is said, will accomplish an admirable result:—Boil two ounces of grease with two quarts of tar for nearly twenty minutes in an iron vessel, and having ready pounded glass, one pound, slaked lime, two pounds, well dried in an iron pot, and sifted through a flour sieve. Add some of the lime to the tar and glass to form a thin paste only sufficient to cover a square foot at a time, about an eighth of an inch thick.

#### WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

**A PICTURESQUE ART.**—It requires something more than a long purse and a fashionable milliner to enable one always to be dressed just as one ought to be. The best-dressed woman is by no means always the one who is arrayed with the most splendour and costliness; and to know how to dress according to the occasion is as much an art as to know how to dress at all. In one's own home to outdress one's guests is a rudeness and an unkindness; the house, the equipage, the retinue, the *entourage*—the whole establishment, is there to speak for one; the personal attire can be of the most modest. One certainly would never revive the singular French custom of receiving in one's night dress and in bed, an affectation of simplicity which was really an extravagance of luxury, since it served the purpose of exhibiting a profusion of rich laces in curtains, coverlet, cap, and dress, and general equipment, rivaling the spider's work, and worth a king's ransom; for, apart from the indelicacy and impropriety of that fashion, it is not wise to assume any simplicity whose subterfuge can be seen through. The dress that is not conspicuous with dazzling, nor an object of envy, and yet fine enough to show respect for one's guests, is easily arranged by the woman who knows how to dress at all. But, on the other hand, an attire that is too modest is equally out of place on the guest, for it seems to assume that the entertainment is inferior, and the *courtoisies* of no consequence. It is better for the guest to be overdressed than for the hostess—better for the guest than to be underdressed; she need not feel uncomfortable if she has come in a dress outshining that of every one else present, since the worst that can be said of it is that she thought the occasion worthy of it. But, in fact, the artist in dress will avoid either of these extremes, wearing nothing too rich or too poor, too fanciful and æsthetic, or too plain and coarse. Conspicuous dressing has been one of the disorders of the age; and if the tailor-made dress had not run into the region of costliness, it would have wrought wonders for women of all grades. The perfectly dressed woman causes no one to turn the head and glance at her, unless for her charming *ensemble*; but if by any accident the glance is arrested and fixed on her toilette, then it is seen to be faultless. Only in the private depths of one's boudoir, where none but intimates have access, can any eccentricities of dress be indulged, and there one can cultivate the picturesque at one's sweet will, if it is really worth while to give the subject so much attention. The chief thing to remember is that a style of dress becomes a part of one's own personality, of one's individualism, and one would always prefer that that should be pleasing.

"Don't wash your hair." This is advice given by a woman who has been at the head of a leading hairdressing establishment for the last twelve years. She says further: "I believe the average young woman drowns the life of her hair by frequent washing in hot and cold water. We send out about twenty young women who dress hair by the season, contracting for the entire family. They plan to give each head a combing twice a week, and, by special arrangement, make house to house visits daily. Not a drop of water is put on the hair, and every head is kept in a clean and healthy condition. We pin our faith to a good brush, and prefer a short bristled, narrow brush, backed with olive or palm wood. We use the brush not only on the hair, but on the scalp as well. A maid has to be taught how to dress and care for the hair by object lessons. The instruction is

part of my duty. In teaching one novice I operate on the other. The first thing to do when the hair is unpinned is to loosen it by lightly tossing it about. The operation need not tangle it, and as the tresses are being aired they fall into natural lengths. Instead of beginning at the scalp, the first combing should start at the end of the hair. In other words, comb upward to avoid tangling, breaking and tearing the hair out. This racking of the hair will remove the dust. After this the scalp should be brushed thoroughly. By this I mean that a full hour should be spent, first brushing the hair and then the head.

Queen Margaret of Italy has a fashion of determining to her satisfaction the workings of the various charitable institutions in which she is interested, which lady patrons of beneficences might do well to consider. Her Majesty, in spite of court ceremonials and social functions, finds time to visit these institutions, especially those devoted to children, very often, but her visits are always unannounced and made at most unexpected times, which procedure keeps the superintendents constantly on the alert. Recently on her return from her evening drive the royal carriage drew up before the entrance of a hospital for crippled boys, and learning that the inmates had been put to bed she went up into the dormitories and examined them all, praising the gentle Sisters for the exquisite order and neatness of the wards. The delight of the children, their wonder and surprise was pretty to see as the beautiful lady in her rich apparel bent over each cot to smile a benediction at the little sufferers like some angel visitant, to smooth the pillows with her white jewelled hands, and to speak gentle words of comfort in her soft low voice. It is little wonder that the Italians worship this sovereign lady who rules over them with such graciousness and tact and sympathy.

**JANE AUSTEN'S BIRTHPLACE.**—Steventon, where Jane Austen was born, may be seen from the railway between Basingstoke and Popham Beacon; but the parsonage has long been pulled down. It is said to have been a square, comfortable-looking house on the other side of the valley to the present one; it was approached from the road by a shady drive, and was large enough to contain not only all the Austens and their household, but at different times many other people as well. It had a good sized old-fashioned garden, which was filled with fruit and flowers in delightfully indiscriminate confusion, and sloped gently upwards to a most attractive terrace. Every reader of "Northanger Abbey" will identify this terrace with a smile. From the parsonage garden there was a curious walk to the church; it was what the natives of Hampshire call "a hedge," which may be explained to those who are not natives of Hampshire, as a footpath, or even sometimes a cart track, bordered irregularly with copse wood and timber, far prettier than the ordinary type of English hedge, and forming a distinctive characteristic of the country. Jane Austen displayed her Hampshire origin when she made Anne Elliott, in "Persuasion," overhear Captain Wentworth and Louisa Musgrave in the hedge-row behind her, as if making their way down the rough, wild sort of channel down the centre.

#### Among the Moose.

As some friends were chatting a few nights ago in a suburban house in this city *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, one of the party spoke of the considerable number of Canadian books which, though of acknowledged merit, remain almost unknown through lack of enterprise. One of the works mentioned as of especial interest, dealing with a subject peculiarly Canadian and written by one to the manner born, was a small volume entitled "Three Months among the Moose—A Winter's Tale of the Northern Wilds of Canada." From the title-page we learn that it was written by a military chaplain, and not long after the publication of the book it transpired that the author, as well as the hero of it, was the late Rev. Joshua Fraser, for some time chaplain to the 78th Highlanders during the stay of that regiment in Montreal. We can well recall a ceremony which took place on the Champ de Mars in which the author of this "Winter's tale" was the chief officiant. The circumstance under which he obtained the *data* for his narrative we learned, not only from himself, but from his physician, who took no little pride in the book as indirectly of his own creation. The author, whose health had suffered from severe physical and mental strain, was about to take a trip across the Atlantic, when a friend, a lumber merchant of the Upper Ottawa, advised him to try instead a holiday in the woods. The invitation was accepted, and after a four days' drive the invalid found himself at Black River Farm, his friend's lumbering depot. The Black River, which takes its rise in the Grand Lake region, enters the Ottawa opposite the northwest corner of Allumette or Black River Island. On the way to headquarters the travellers passed through some magnificent forest scenery, including an almost continuous cluster of lakees, of which (though many were small) one, St. Patrick, was five miles broad where they crossed it. Some of our readers will probably recognize the locality, as well from this feature as when they learn (for the dedication indicates that it is no secret) that our Nimrod's host was Mr. W. C. Caldwell, for years M.P.P. for North Lanark.

After a few days' rest at the hospitable and well-stocked farm, the seeker of health and adventure set out for an Indian encampment to which he had been recommended, and, having introduced himself to "Seymo" and his family, was ready next morning for his "campaign against the moose." His companions were three—Seymo, a full-blooded Indian, sixty years old, tall, powerful and active; his son, a boy of twelve, and Nick, a cousin, of by no

means prepossessing appearance. It is at this point that the wild camping and hunting life begins in real earnest, and the author's account of it is exceedingly interesting. Though he did not manage to have the first crack at the splendid animal that soon rewarded their eager pursuit, he had the privilege of giving him the *coup de grace*. It was an immense fellow, larger than the largest horse. A pang of regret was the first feeling, on gazing at the grand proportions of the noble brute, as he turned weary and despairing eyes on his persecutors. In a moment, a ball crashed through his brains and all was over. Before they thought of turning homewards, the party had three giant carcasses, besides having enjoyed abundance of sport, including partridge shooting, the trapping of martens, and other fur-bearing denizens of the woods.

A week spent at the farm, in company with "Jim," his host's brother, a capital shot, sufficiently recruited our hero for another experience of the distant forest. A trapper, "Steve," was his new guide and comrade, who had for "chum" a *fidus achates* named "Xavier, a little, wiry fellow, with a perpetual roguish twinkle in his eye." With these Arcadians, he was initiated into the mysteries of otter and beaver trapping, learned how to build a winter camp, how to ward off the rigour of the coldest weather, had many a long and adventurous tramp, experienced the sublime terrors of a winter hurricane, and, with thankful heart and high spirits, returned to the borders of civilization. Having tasted the delight of reading a newspaper after two months' exile from the busy world, he determined to have one more moose hunt, and set out with a new guard of Indians, no longer a novice. This time, also, his luck was good, but on one occasion he encountered no slight danger, having had to flee for dear life from an infuriated moose. An unloaded team, with the owner of which he happened to be acquainted, being about to return to the settlements, he seized the opportunity of starting "for home and duty," on the way being as lionized as if he were "a second Cummings, fresh from South Africa."

Besides the entertaining insight which it gives into the life of the hunter and trapper, the book contains many instructive passages on natural history, on Indian character, on the scenery of our Canadian wilderness and the reflections to which it gives rise. It is to the sportsman, however, that it will prove most interesting. It is just possible, indeed, that its Nimrodian features may be, in a few cases, too marked to give pleasure to the ordinary reader. For instance, we may ask why should a man of education and (otherwise) of refinement over-drive his "beautiful mare" until she dropped down exhausted and almost lifeless? Why should another man, because he felt a return of health and spirits, fire his rifle "at everything he saw from mere wantonness of mirth?" And why should a third man, for the mere sake of showing off his skill, deprive of life a "little black-cap tit-mouse," "the smallest bird that flies in the woods," a "beautiful little creature of greyish blue colour," which "never migrates south," but faithfully stays in its chosen haunts during the live-long winter? Surely man's servant and companion that spends his life in his service is worthy of different treatment. Surely the bright little birds and "timorous beasties" that share the earth with him, as long, at least, as they do not invade his domain or damage his property, have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in their own way. If the dwellers in the woods have any historical faculty, how they must regret the exchange from the fawns and nymphs of antiquity to that strangely constituted being of modern time, who goes like an animated fire-cracker in an explosive zigzag through the fairest scenes of nature. This is rather a matter of opinion, however, and its expression is not intended to detract from the value of the book before us, in which, in our eyes, it is the only blemish worth noticing. The publishers are Messrs. John Lovell & Sons.

J. R.

#### Toronto Theatricals.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—All who have seen this house since the changes in it have been completed, have been loud in their praises, but none knew till last Monday evening, at the grand opening, what a handsome and thoroughly comfortable place the Academy has been made. The effect of the electric light, thrown in a soft way upon the handsome decorations, the sumptuous furnishings, the pretty draperies and hangings, was beautiful in effect, and the favourable verdict of the *tout ensemble* was unanimous. Toronto's *élite* turned out *en masse* to welcome André Messager's comic opera "Famette," presented by the Boston Ideal Opera Co., and all who saw the piece were well pleased with the finished performance they were given. The characters were well taken on the whole, and the choruses, though fair, improved during the week.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**—Hallen & Hart's "Later On" held the boards at this theatre for the past week. The entertainment was fairly good—songs and dances being its principal order. The piece is rather drawn out; but at times is so inexpressibly funny that one is inclined to overlook that fact. Next week "Faust up to Date" is to be the attraction.

**JACOB & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE.**—A strong drama, "Master and Man," by Sims & Pettit, was at this house the past week. The plot is original and racy, never losing interest, and the caste is good—the only fault being that one or two of its members were decidedly stagey. The authors of the play have put a strength and skill to it that pleases and interests all who witness the production. Next week "Held by the Enemy" will occupy the boards.



## MY QUEER PARISHIONERS.

I had lately been appointed to a new rectory. My parish was a large one, embracing an area of some thirty miles, and the little town where the quaint old church, of which I was the only minister, stood had been historic in those times—a century ago—when men formed communities according to their tastes and descent, not as now, wherever commerce, following on the heels of the railroad, calls them. There was a pretty parsonage, but it was under repair, and I spent the few weeks necessary to its renovation with one of my church-wardens, a young farmer, whom I was proud to find well-bred and well-read.

I was anxious to know something of my people in order that I might the more readily understand their needs, and put myself at one with them, not only as regarded the next world, but this; for it has always appeared to me that unless a parson knows a little, at least, of his people's lives in the world, their successes, their failures, their aims, their hopes, their pleasures and their trials, he may preach till the day of doom, but he will never get at their hearts and so lead them up to the heart of Him, the Father and Lord of us all.

It was a lonely afternoon in late July, the hay was in, the peas were nearly ready, the wheat promised well, the cattle in the field looked lazily well-to-do, the colts, well-grown and already showing their points, frisked around the grave old mares, the trees were in full leaf and had that fully developed and robust look that gives July its glory, and though the roads were dusty, the sun hot and the grass somewhat scorched, we, my church-warden and I, bowed along in his top-buggy very cosily, talking as we went.

My parish stood high, and overlooked a wide valley, and as we went along the stony high-road that skirted the lower levels, more than one church spire, surrounded by a cluster of dwellings, showed in the distance, and told of population and human endeavour.

It was a pretty scene from the hillside, for the tin-covered spires shone like silver in the sun. Many of the larger houses, square, well-proportioned, and embosomed in trees, spoke of prosperity and the tall sails of a ship or two moving slowly along the canal that threaded the valley told of those great waterways by which people have traversed the continent ever since Nature stretched out wealthy hands to whosever should come and take. I was absorbed in the thoughts that the prosperous view called up, when my companion remarked, as he pointed with his whip to a large stone house in the midst of wheat-fields: "Yonder live some people you will find very queer, and probably hard to get along with."

"Indeed!" I replied. "Why are they queer, and who are they?"

"The family consists of two old men and one old woman. They have lived there ever since I can recollect, and I have often heard my mother say they lived there when she and my father were married and came to Crab-Tree Farm."

"They must be very old," I remarked.

"Nearer seventy than anything less."

"And what is queer about them?"

"Everything. They do all their own work, farm and dairy, except such help as a boy can afford. They build their own farm waggons, scrub the floors of cow-house and stable, and never visit nor receive visitors."

"How, then, am I to make their acquaintance?"

"I fancy they do not consider their rector a visitor; though the late rector, Mr. Melton, never set foot inside their house but once, I believe. But he had no tact, and was always treading on somebody's corns. Mr. Pelham got on with them excellently, and I hope you will. There is some secret about their lives, and if they wish they have a right to conceal it. Nevertheless, they are queer, and it is the wonder of the district how these old people manage to get through so much work, and also what they do with their money, for they must be rich."

"Why do you think they are rich?"

"Two hundred acres well-tilled, no rent to pay, wood for the cutting, and nothing beside tea and sugar and a bit of clothing to buy is generally reckoned a good income for a man with a family. I am not better off myself, yet I have a little in the bank."

"What is the general impression about these people, and what name do they bear?"

"They are English—so English people say, but no two agree as to where they came from. There name is Smith, and they are regarded as cracked, that is all."

"Do they attend church?"

"Regularly. And they pay punctually both pew-rent and tithes. Moreover, they give to such collections as are

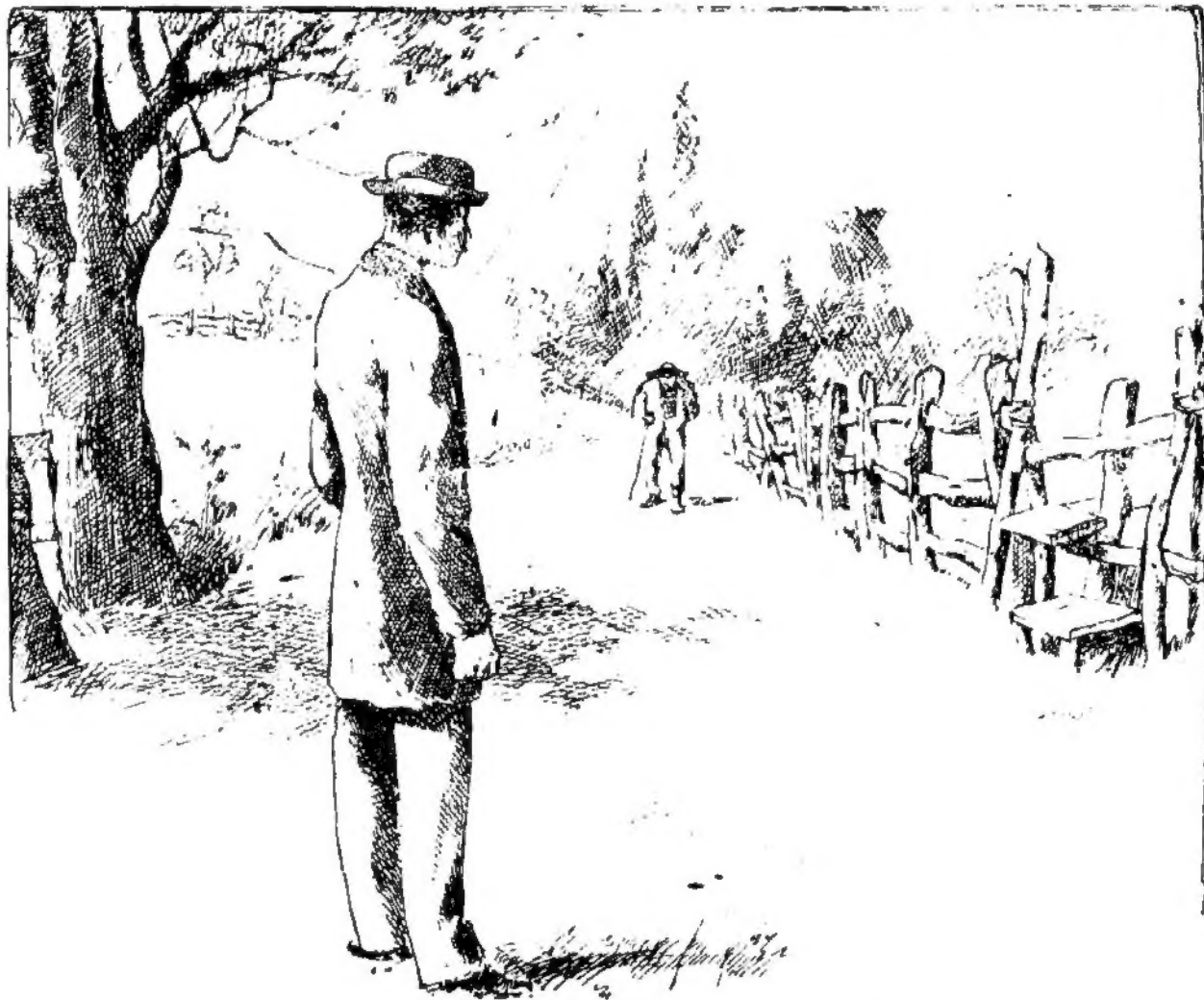
made in the church, but nothing out of it."

"Tithes! Why that is a demand not in force here, is it not?"

"No. There are no tithes in Canada, save in the Lower Provinces; still the Smiths insist that all ought to pay tithes for the support of whatever church they believe in, and therefore your salary has these self-imposed tithes in its make-up."

I was very proud, and did not like the idea of using money contributed as a tithe—a legal claim, as it is considered in the older countries—and yet if all my parishioners had contributed the tenth of their means, leaving out of the computation the poor or labouring class, I should have been a much better paid rector than I was; indeed, there would have been a good sum left for charitable and mission work over and above a fair income for myself. But these are the days of *quid pro quo*, and spiritual service is not reckoned as an asset.

Not many days elapsed before I called on my queer parishioners. As I approached the house I was struck by the exceeding neatness of everything. The very bee-hive benches were white with good scrubbing, and the stone steps of the great, square, dark-looking house, built of a stone that easily took the weather, leaving its lime-mortar in white lines between the courses, were as white as if newly quarried.



"I PERCEIVED A MAN COMING TOWARDS ME."

I knocked, but no one came to the door, and so I anticipated all might be at work on the farm. I went round the house to see what I could see. Three or four hens with young chickens in coops were clucking and calling in a little yard fenced off by high rails and a run of string above. At the side of the house the shutterless windows shone bright in the south sun and were shaded by white curtains, very homely and pleasant to see. An old orchard of apples, pears and filberts stood on the side of a little hill that fell away to the valley, and a large pig-sty, with several grunts lay further away from the back of the house. The kitchen door, shaded by a stoop, stood open, but I could neither see nor hear any person within. A great white cat came forward to greet me, however, and I felt that human hearts beat in the breasts of my queer parishioners, if a cat meant anything. Looking around, I perceived a man, apparently seventy years old, very much bent with long white hair, calm and stern eyes, and a mouth that had once been handsome and firm before the teeth had departed, coming towards me. I bowed and advanced.

Notwithstanding the shrivelled arms, the brown skin (the usual farming skin), a shirt of homespun grey flannel and brown homespun trousers the worse for the weather, I perceived at once that this man was no clod. I introduced myself, and was asked to enter, not by the kitchen door, but from the front. We entered a wide hall ornamented with a hatchment, showing that somewhere in the family was, or had been, nobility. Several pairs of horns, a musket, two rifles—strange place for modern rifles, I thought—and an oak bench furnished this apartment; but I was shown into a room on the right hand, evidently the parlour.

Saying "Pray be seated, sir, I will call my brother and sister," my host left me and I was at liberty to look around. Not a vestige of carpet was on the floor, it was polished like a mirror, but the colour was of the natural

wood, a hard wood, evidently, but I could not tell what. A black satin embroidered screen on a gilt stand stood near the open fire-place. A large oval mahogany table occupied the centre of the room, and the legs of it were beautifully carved. So also were a very high-backed lady's chair and two easy chairs, which, together with a large secretary having a book-case top, completed the furniture of the room. Ornaments stood about and they were all very old-fashioned and costly; books filled the case, but I could not see what they were from my seat. Evidently my queer parishioners were people of culture, or had succeeded to the property of such people. But further conjecture was stopped by the entrance of my hosts themselves. Both the men had on coats donned for the occasion, and slippers—home-made, evidently—instead of their farm boots. They bowed; the elder, whom I had already seen, introduced the younger, a man very like himself, but taller, not so bent, grey, and with a stern, hard mouth, and he in his turn introduced me to the lady, whom he simply called "my sister."

Miss Smith was younger than either of her brothers. She was slight, wiry, bent, but her hair was nearly black, wavy and gathered in a loose knot, leaving it at liberty to fall into curls when loose or long enough. Her eyes were soft, gentle, but melancholy, and she was dressed in a black satin dress, made when she was a girl, I concluded, its short waist, straight skirt, puffed sleeves, which had been lengthened by some other black stuff, reminding me of my grandmother's wedding dress, which had often been displayed to us youngsters to show us the style of fifty years ago.

We talked for some minutes on ordinary topics, and there was nothing in the manner of my hosts to indicate any "queerness," save that they were very old to be living alone and doing the hard work of a farm of two hundred acres. And I left them with a feeling of content, mingled with some constraint, since I knew something must be in hiding to have placed and kept three well educated, well-bred and good-looking people on a lonely farm for so many years, without them having formed any ties of love or friendship among their neighbours.

In most parishes the rector has the happiness of numbering one wise, good and helpful lady among his parishioners. I had such a one in Mrs. Keesor. She was a widow with sufficient income to live on like a lady and allow her to do the many little charities that a kind and sympathetic heart will find to do wherever human beings are congregated.

"It is my firm belief," said this lady to me one day as we were talking about my queer parishioners, "that their name is not Smith, and that they are working out a vow of some kind. Even twenty years ago they looked as old as they do now, and lived quite as secluded a life, though many of us showed them attention and invited them to our houses."

They always thanked the inviter and begged to be excused, as "they never went out," and if any one pressed them by jest or remark they were at once resolutely snubbed.

"Are they never ill so as to need help?"

"I never knew them ask for help but once, and then Samuel, the eldest brother, fell off the hay-wagon and broke his arm. No hired man could be had, but young Rogers offered to help the harvest through, and to his great surprise his offer was gratefully accepted. They did not speak of wages, as ill-bred people would have done, but they sent him a beautiful yearling heifer, together with their grateful respects in the following summer. That the sister works as hard as the brothers is, I think, not strange, as, if they kept a servant or man, it would be a kind of incubus on the purely family life, and therefore unendurable, unless they were prepared to live in more general relations with their surroundings than they are willing to do. Certainly they are morbid on the subject of cleanliness, but such a life cannot fail to develop some craze or other, and cleanliness is as desirable as it is comparatively unusual on our farms."

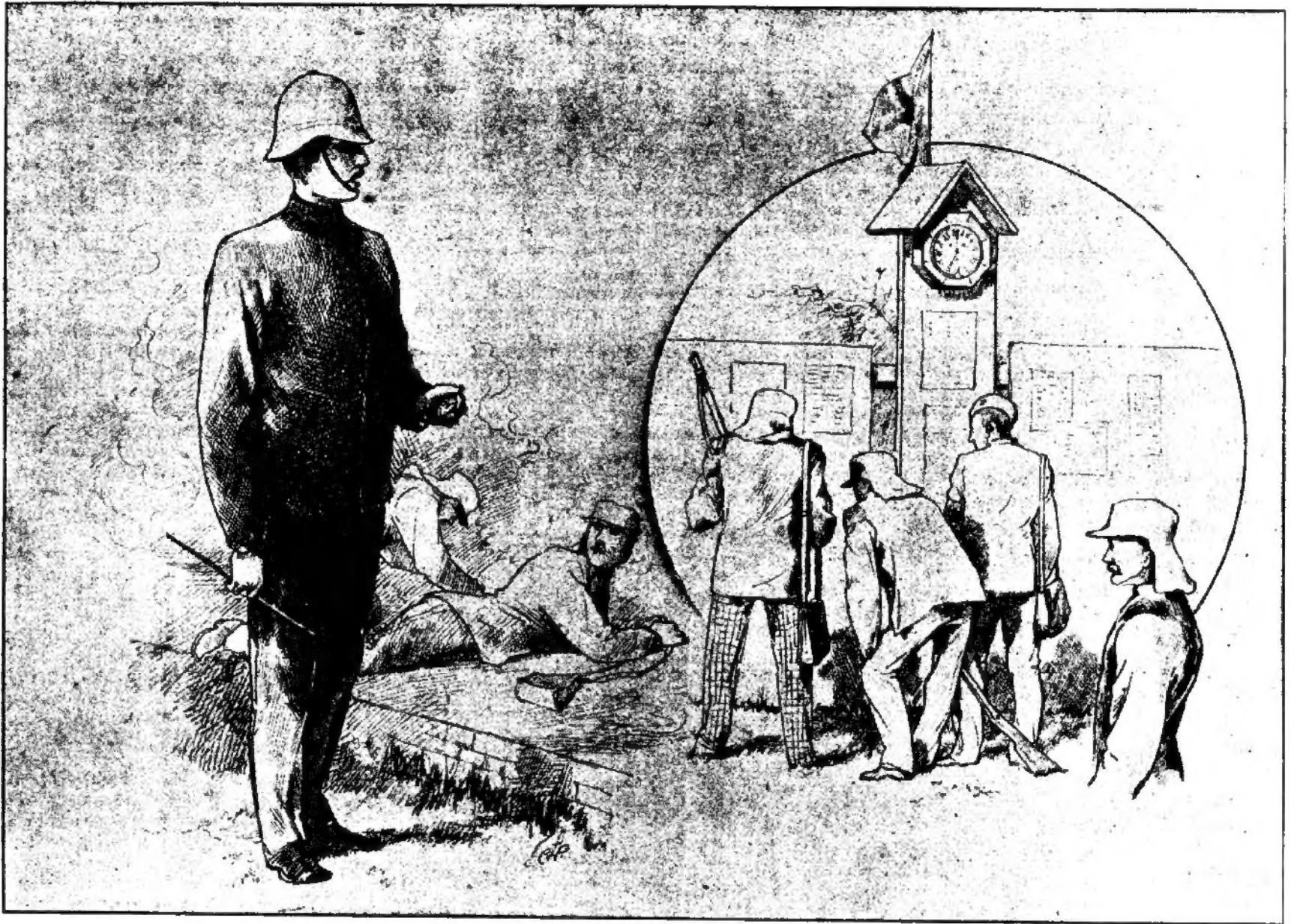
"Then there is nothing for me to do but call when I think it expedient; watch over them from a distance until one or other of them breaks down under the strain of life, and take their tithing as it comes." [I forgot to mention that these tithes were paid in kind, even to fruit, and not in money at all. My predecessors had mostly turned the levy into money, but at their own risks.]

"I think not. I am glad they like you, however, as it is a comfort to them, I am sure, to have a friend in their clergyman; if they were irreligious it would be different."

(To be continued.)

All the Canadian exhibitions of this fall have proved successful.





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### HUMOROUS.

**MYRTLE:** Florence, is that Fred Dumley's handwriting? **Florence:** Yes, dear; I'm engaged to him, you know. **Myrtle:** Yes, I know it. I was engaged to him last summer. **Florence:** The dear boy! I wonder who will marry him eventually.

**A PRACTICAL MEMENTO.**—Sir James: And were you in Rome? **American Lady:** I guess not. (To her daughter.) Say, Bella, did we visit Rome? **Fair Daughter:** Why, ma, cert'nly! Don't you remember? It was in Rome we bought the Lisle-thread stockings! **American lady** is convinced.

**MISS LENTILS** (in Boston): I have just discovered a poem in this magazine which I can't understand. **Miss Beans:** Oh, how nice! Let us organize a club immediately.

**AS OTHERS SEE US.**—Tekelhaimer: Vere are you shtaying dis summer, Mr. Isaacstein? **Isaacstein:** Down by Bath beach. **Tekelhaimer:** Is dere many Christians dere dis year? **Isaacstein:** No, not a great many; dot is to say, not enough to make it disagreeable.

**TRYING TO BE POPULAR.**—"I guess I'll quit trying to be popular," said Willie Washington, dejectedly. "Why?" "A young woman to whom I was talking lawst night intimated verwy bwoadly that I made huh tiahed." "Did you make any reply?" "No, only I told huh that even that was something of an achievement foh me, considering that she appeahed pwetty wobust, you know."

**MAMMA:** Ethel get up, my dear. Don't you know it's naughty to play that way? **Mr. Smith's little girl** doesn't play so. She is a good little girl. **Ethel** (quickly): Well, Mamma, Bessie Smith ought to be a better girl than I am. Her papa's a Minister and my papa's only a Deacon.

**AT AN EBB.**—Mr. Van Etten (trying to conceal a yawn): Where did you say you were going this summer? **Miss Marigold** (who has seen his trouble): Mr. Van Etten I am having just as hard a time as you are, and I should feel indebted if you would yawn for me also.

**MAMMA** had found it necessary to discipline Georgie for being naughty one day and the usually forgiving nature of the child was held in check until his father came home when the little boy ran to him and said: "Papa, I want you to do sumpfin for me; I want you to discharge mamma."

**A WELL-KNOWN** violinist was sitting in a village inn when a strolling player in the street began a melancholy performance on his creaking fiddle. Our artist went out, requested the instrument for a short time, and played a few airs in exquisite style. When he had done, the owner of the fiddle stepped up to him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said in a patronizing tone: "A little more practice, young gentleman, and you'll soon be as good a player as myself!"

### Weeping Trees in the Northwest.

In the forests of Washington and British Columbia I have frequently seen trees dripping copiously during clear, bright days, when no dew was visible elsewhere. The dripping was so profuse that the ground underneath was almost saturated. The phenomenon in this case was caused by the remarkable condensing power of the leaves of the fir, and it occurred only when the relative humidity was near the dew point. The dripping ceases after ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, but resumes at or near sunset. In Hakluyt's Voyages there is an account of Hawkins' second voyage to Africa and America, written by a friend who sailed with Hawkins, in which we are told that in the Island of Ferro there is a weeping tree that supplies all the men and beasts of the island with drink, there being no other available water supply. Further, he states that in Guinea he saw many weeping trees, but of a species different from that at Ferro.

### Artificial Ivory.

As the manufacturers abroad claim that the supply of ivory is too small to meet the demands of industry and art, an extensive industry has arisen in France to supply an artificial substitute for natural ivory. Until recently the substitute used has been obtained by interjecting white wood with chloride of

lime, under strong pressure. Within a short time, however, it has been established that a substitute may be prepared with the bones of sheep and waste pieces of deer and kid skins.

The bones are for this purpose macerated and bleached for two weeks in chloride of lime, then heated by steam along with the skin so as to form a fluid mass, to which are added a few hundredths of alum; the mass is then filtered, dried in the air, and caused to harden in a bath of alum, the result being white, tough plates, which are more easily worked than natural ivory.

### Half a Loaf.

It is an enviable spirit which is always ready to feel that half a loaf is better than no bread. The most of us are so grasping that we would gladly have the whole, and are correspondingly dissatisfied if we fail to obtain it. We met the other day a young lady who had taken a two weeks' vacation from a busy life. Seven of the days she was severely sick, but her face beamed all over as she told of the pleasure the other seven brought. Scores of children who go out on a single excursion, having the whole pleasure of the summer crowded into the few hours of a summer day, find even these crumbs of happiness better than none at all.

### Anecdote of George III.

One day when George III. arrived from Windsor at Weymouth there was a great crowd to see him go to Cumberland House on the Esplanade. He was always very shy, and, hating display, wanted to avoid the shouting, and asked the landlord whether there was any way by which he could get out at the back. The man told His Majesty of a path through the fields by which he could go round, and the King went alone. Passing through a field he saw a woman very busy making hay, and went up to her, saying: "What, all alone, working so hard and no one to help! Where is your husband?" "Oh," said the woman, "he is gone into the town to see the King." "Ah, well," observed His Majesty, "you have stuck to your work, and he will miss his object." Then, handing her a guinea, he added, "You have kept to your duty and seen the King."